MAYFAIR

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PRP
A PAUL RAYMOND PUBLICATION

JORDAN

VERONICA

KIRA

PIPPA & JULIE

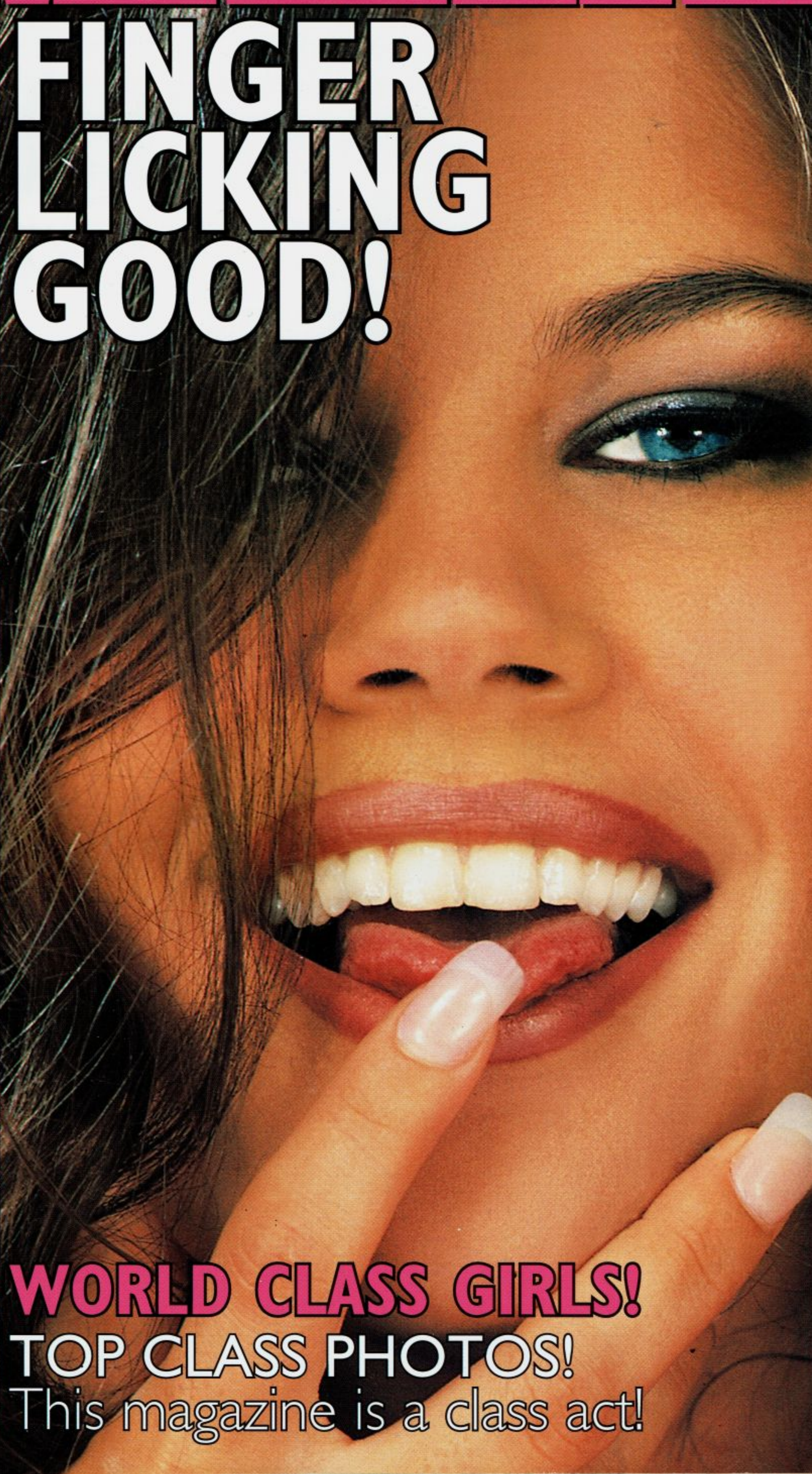
WENDY

SARA

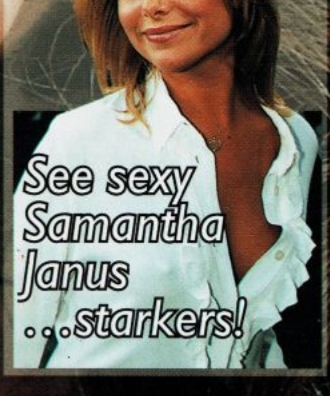
SAMMY

LUCY

FINGER LICKING GOOD!



GAME LASS!



See sexy Samantha Janus ...starkers!

WORLD CLASS GIRLS!

TOP CLASS PHOTOS!

This magazine is a class act!

MAYFAIR
PRP A PAUL RAYMOND PUBLICATION
Volume 32 Number 13
A Paul Raymond Publication

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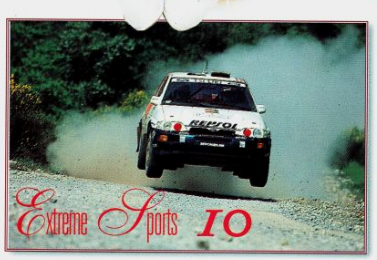
Veronica 33

Poster Pose

Here's to the future!

Hello to all those reading this copy of Mayfair in the future. Maybe your great grandad bought this a long time ago, or perhaps you're a smuggler in a future time when all cock mags have been banned. What's it like in the future, anyway? Have you got hover boots yet? And what about those meals that come in pill form? And Terminators? Gah – you must be having a terrible time.



Jordan 45

Meet The Gang, Coz...

The Girls Are Here

...The Girls To Entertain You!

Samantha Janus 12

Pippa & Julie 61

Sara St James 55

Where It's At...

Mayfair Male 4

If we laid all your letters end to end they would reach to the moon and back over 5,000 times. But why bother when we can just sit back, laugh, and get erections?

Extreme Sports 10

"Daddy, why are you driving perilously close to the edge of that cliff skidding sideways through puddles of black mud at 90mph?" "Because I'm a rally driver, son. Now sit still while I race like the craziest of bastards."

Samantha Janus 12

How's about this for a sizzling celebrity exclusive – *Game On* babe and film star Sam Janus! Here we reveal what she's all about, using pictures of her ass for illustration.

On The Pull! 20

They didn't, did they? Those three fuckers didn't actually get away with getting pissed and pulling women for yet another month? And all on expenses! Yep, they bloody did. Turn to page 20 and sigh in despair.

Celebrity Sizzlers 32

"Fame, I want to live forever, I want to learn how to get my tits out in any old freaking film in order to work my way through Hollywood and make loads of cash."

Scene From Mayfair 40

You've got to laugh. Companies spend thousands making products, they send them to us and we just make fun of them and talk nonsense about hens and things. Fantastic!

Object of Desire 54

Who says size doesn't count? This monkey bike may be small but it's got it where it counts – it's covered in gold plating! You can ride it even if you're a big fat uncle, too.

Porn Star Interview 60

J.R Carrington is a lovely woman. Fun, lively, with plenty of interests, a big group of friends and lots of cash. She also likes to fuck like mad and suck on mens' cocks!

Quest 68

We can't tell you about this month's Quest because we want it to be a surprise. So here, close your eyes and blindly fumble your way to page 68. Now, open them after three. One... two...

Next Month 98

Everybody thinks that putting *Mayfair* together is easy. Well, it ain't. Next month, for example, we've got to see eight gorgeous girls strip naked! Just how will we cope?

Personal Details

AGE: *20*

VITAL STATISTICS:
36C-26-35

SECOND PROFESSION:
Cosmetics Agent

HOME TOWN:
Cheltenham

Lucy

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
GAVIN VENDOR

We don't mean to be forward, Lucy, but you look absolutely gorgeous!

That's quite a soft chat-up line compared to what I've been hearing recently. I was out the other night and one man said to me, "Tasty tits, love!" I mean, how do you react to that?

Did you shag him?

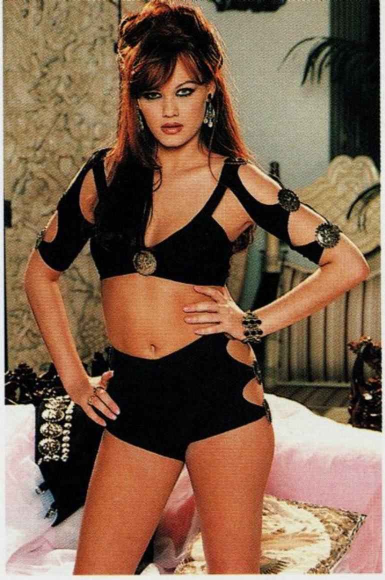
Who do you think I am? I'd only just met him. No. But I shagged his mate!

We thought as much. It's no good playing the good girl with us, you know?

I am a good girl – but even good girls like to play around once in a while. Anyway, it's cold these days – I have to have someone to cuddle up to!

A sort of male hot-water bottle, then?

Hmm, yes. Hot, rubbery and with a big nozzle on it. Sounds about right!



Sammy

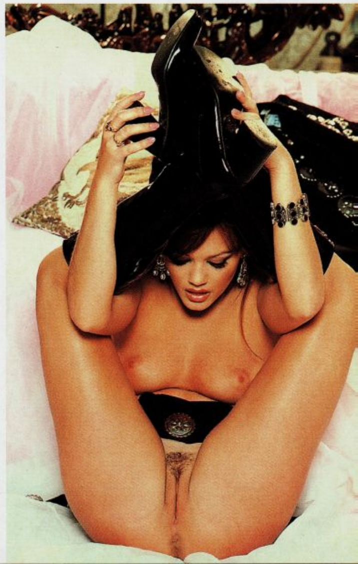
PHOTOGRAPHED BY
PAUL JOSEPH

Personal Details

AGE: *23*
VITAL STATISTICS:
36C-26-35
SECOND PROFESSION:
Stripper
HOME TOWN:
London

Jeepers creepers, where did you get those peepers, Sammy?
I've got the look, huh? You want to come and see me strip, boys.– I'll give you something to look at alright.

Woah! So where can we find you?
Just ask the stream of men walking in a daze around Soho clutching their trousers. You can bet they're making their way back from paying me a visit.



Erm… ahem, easy. We're not used to our models being so 'open' with us.

I'll open up as far and wide as you want me to – just say the word and I'm yours.

You're having us on!

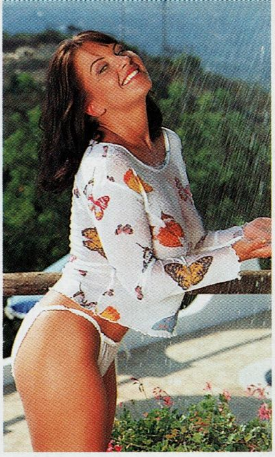
I don't mince my words. I know what I want at all times.

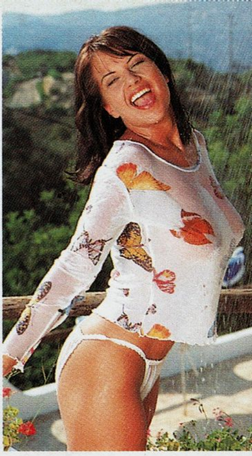
And what would that be?

Hard, deep sex. No wasting time with small talk or men who can't come up with the goods. I just want to get down to basics – fucking 'till dawn.

We're lost for words!

Then join the queue. And be prepared for a long wait!





Kira

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
RALPH MEDLAND

Personal Details

AGE: *24*
VITAL STATISTICS:
32D-24-36
SECOND PROFESSION:
Newsagent
HOME TOWN:
Grimsby

Hey, Kira! We haven't seen you for months – where you been?
Busy, busy, busy. I basically run the shop back home at the moment and so I've had to learn the ropes about running a business.

How does it feel providing *Mayfair* to Grimsby folk?
A little odd. I'm sure one regular customer recognises me from my first appearance, too. He always gives me a peculiar look when he comes up to the till but never actually says anything.

You could charge him more for serving him in person.
Yeah! He's a good looking fella, too – it could end up being a 'handling charge' if I play my cards right!

Well after this we guarantee you'll have a lot more fans visiting.
You think? Well as long as they all buy a copy from the shop I suppose I'll have no complaints. Maybe I could do a signing session when this hits the shelves.

You'll never get to go home if you do.
No problem. It's rare that anything exciting happens here, anyway.

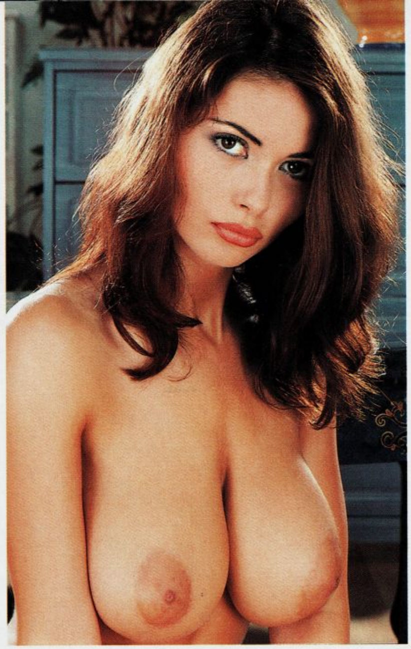
You'll be the talk of the town.
That's me. Always been one to set tongues wagging!

Veronica

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
PETER FLODQVIST

Personal Details

AGE: *21*
VITAL STATISTICS:
41D-28-37
SECOND PROFESSION:
Tele-sales
HOME TOWN:
King's Lynn



You're a sexy girl, Veronica. But, and we don't mean to be rude or anything, why no smile?
Oh no, do I look miserable? I'm so sorry, it was my first time and I was really nervous. I've never done anything like this before.

No worries, we just thought you looked a little sad, that's all.
No, I was trembling with nerves! Besides I've never been too confident about showing off my body, and have always been shy undressing in front of boyfriends. Let alone hundreds of Mayfair readers.

You've got a gorgeous body!
I was quite a late developer and didn't have a very big bust until a couple of years ago, so that's why I'm quite shy about stripping off. I didn't realise I looked unhappy, though. Do you think your readers will like me?

Sure they will!
I hope so. I'll try harder next time.

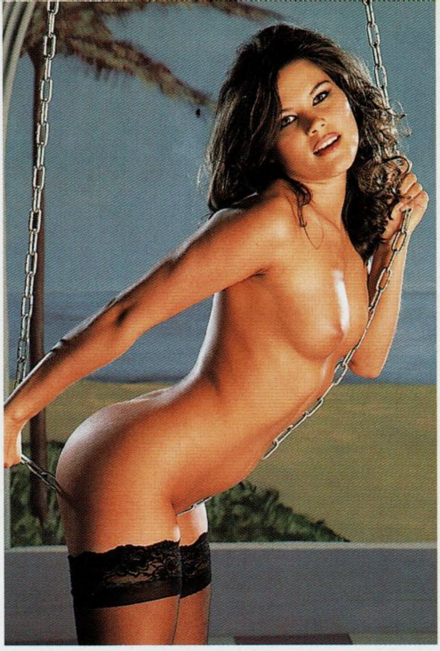
Hey you're putting yourself down. Take our word for it – you're a fox!
It's weird, because I get embarrassed and yet I really want to do glamour.

A bit more experience and you'll be fine.
[Laughs] It's like having sex for the first time. I was nervous then, too!

Ahh, but did you enjoy it?
Yes! Some people say that their first time is never very nice, but I was with a really gorgeous bloke and I just wanted to sleep with him from the word 'go'.

You weren't very shy there, then?
At first, but as soon as we got going I got into the swing of things.

See, you're a natural.
If you want me to I'll pose again – smiling!

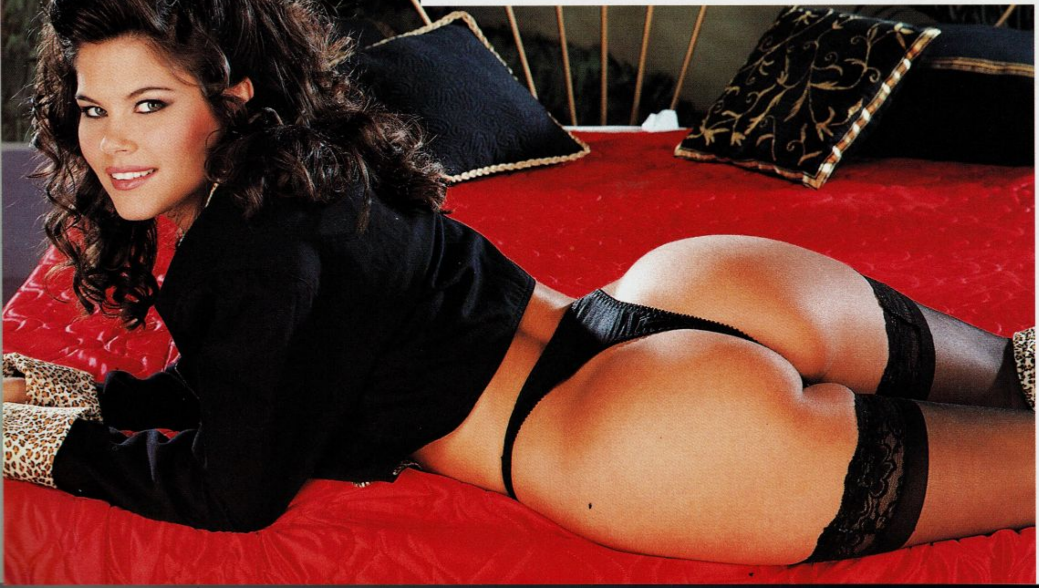


Jordan

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
FRANK ANDERSON

Personal Details

AGE: *19*
VITAL STATISTICS:
35B-26-36
SECOND PROFESSION:
Chat-line operator
HOME TOWN:
Motherwell



So you're a chat-line girl? We always thought they were big fat women pretending to be sexy.
[Laughs] You call these lines often then, do you? Well I hope you don't think that of me!

No way! It's just that we didn't think the girls were as gorgeous as the adverts make out.
The beauty of phone chat lines is that you can fantasise who is on the other end of the line, because you've no idea what they look like. You can be whoever you want, whatever your imagination can dream up. The girls I work with are really attractive, though. It's a myth that in the flesh we're big and ugly. Our adverts don't lie!

So how would you chat to us?
I'd ask your name, if you were feeling comfortable and if there was anything you'd like to talk about. I'd describe what I was wearing, because I know all men love that, particularly when I describe my bra and panties. And if you asked nicely, I'd go into a lot more juicy detail.

MAYFAIR

Poster Poser

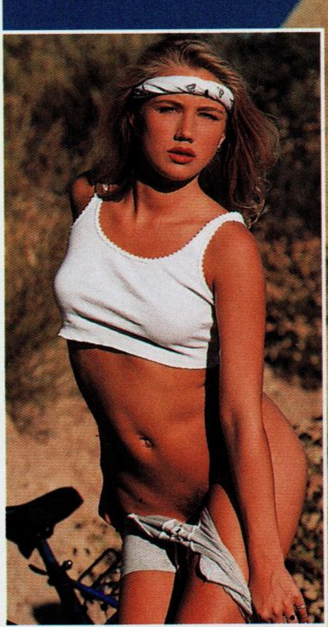
Jordan

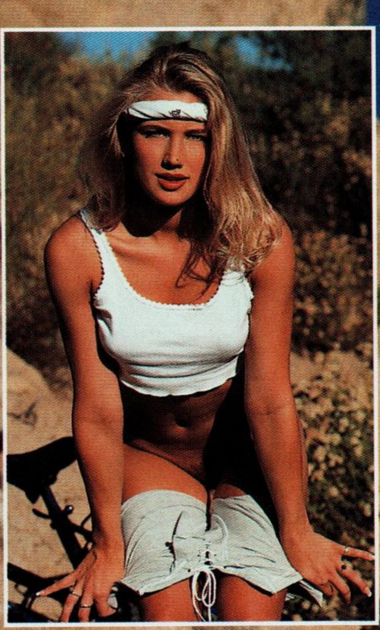
Does your job ever turn you on?

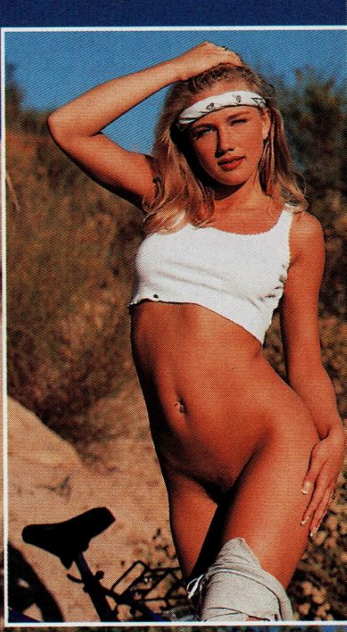
Plenty of times. Often a man will come right out and tell me how sexy I sound and how much he'd like to meet-up and fuck.

Ever take them up on the offer?

Not yet, although I have one regular caller who I really like to talk to. He's funny, sexy and he says he's got a really big dick!







Sara St. James

PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEPHEN HICKS

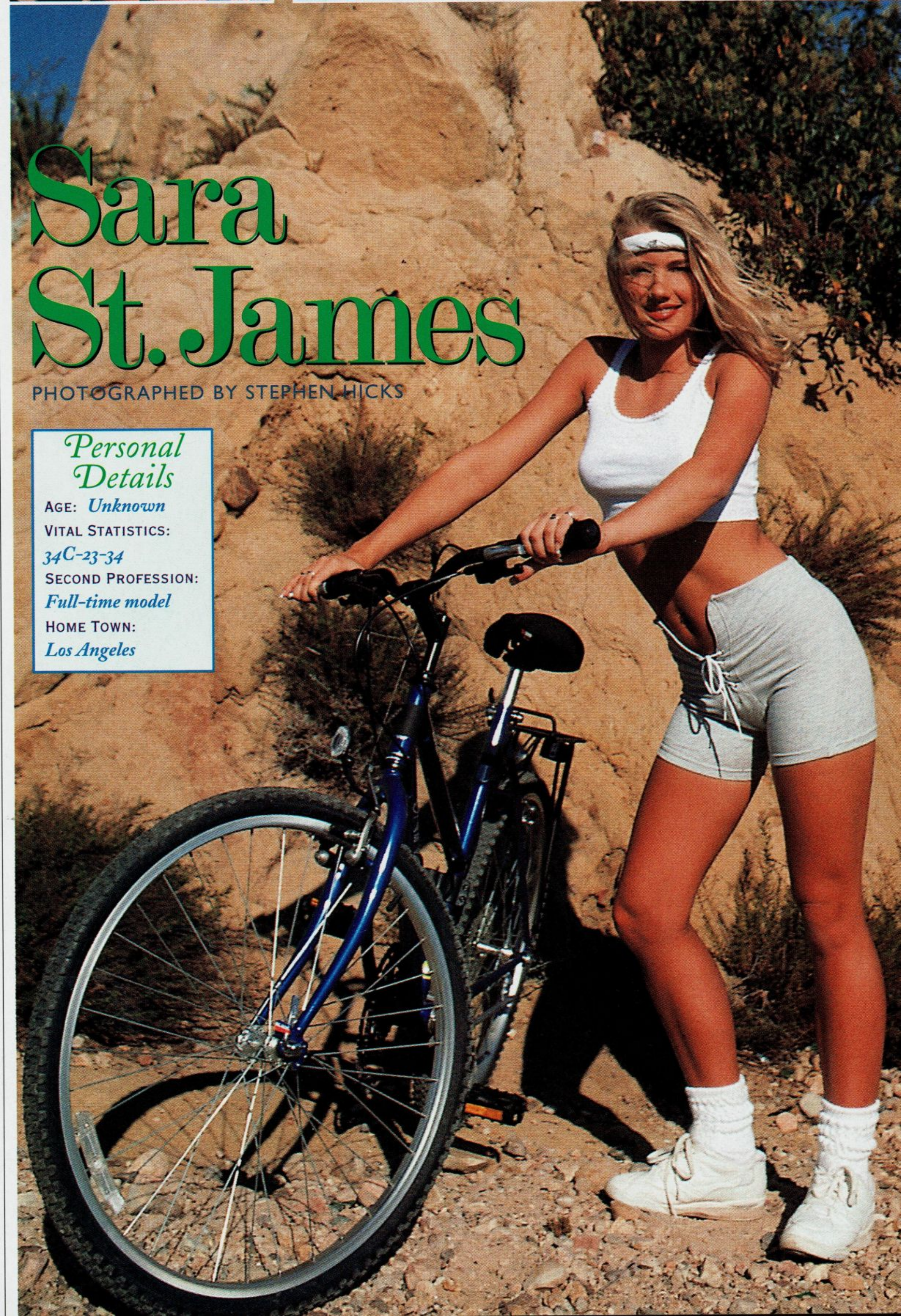
Personal Details

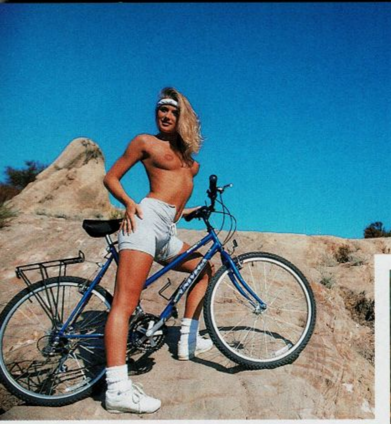
AGE: *Unknown*

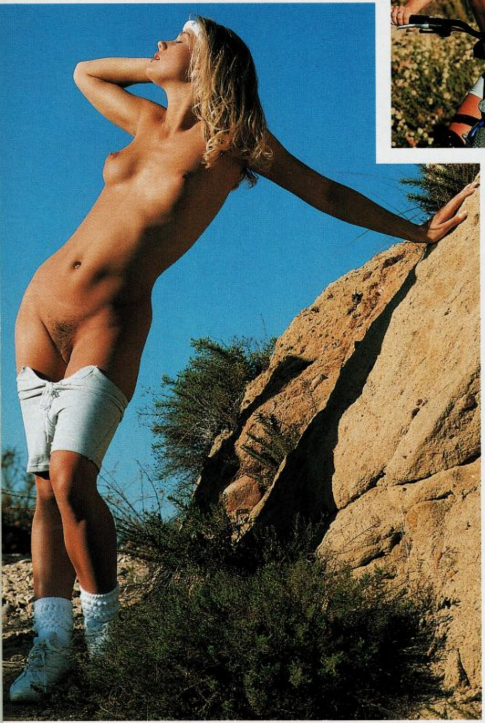
VITAL STATISTICS: *34C-23-34*

SECOND PROFESSION: *Full-time model*

HOME TOWN: *Los Angeles*





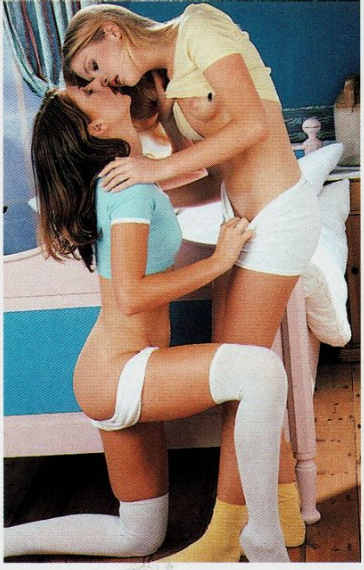


Welcome to the UK, Sara.
Hi! And hi to all your readers, too.

So where was this shot? Looks too sunny to be anywhere around here.
It was in the 'States, not far from Los Angeles. It was funny, we were just on our way back from a studio session and stopped off at the beach to cool off. Before I know it…

The photographer had you stripping off again, correct?
That's right! It was weird, man. Like there were a few guys on the cliffs and I'm sure they could see what we were doing.

No complaints, though?
Are you kidding? To a woman showing her ass and pussy in public? American men may be weird, but not stupid!



Pippa & Julie

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
KEVIN MAKLIN

Pippa's Details

AGE: *19*

VITAL STATISTICS:
32B-25-34

SECOND PROFESSION:
Student

HOME TOWN:
Portadown

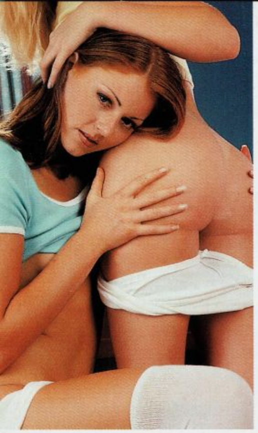
Julie's Details

AGE: *20*

VITAL STATISTICS:
34B-24-34

SECOND PROFESSION:
Actress

HOME TOWN:
Spalding



Right then, girls, we're quite happy just to stare at your pictures on this one.
[Pippa] What, no questions at all?
[Julie] My agent said you were going to ask us questions.

Not this time. To be honest, you've left us speechless.
[Pippa] I have that effect on men. They meet me and go weak at the knees.
[Julie] Yeah but you are wearing some pretty potent perfume, Pip.

Hmm, what is that? It's nice, actually.
[Pippa] Ahh, you said you weren't going to ask any questions, remember?
[Julie] It's a good question though. What is that perfume? I should recognise it. Smells pretty familiar.

[Pippa] It's the smell of hot sex! We have been romping around with each other for the last two hours!

[Julie] Ohh! Scent of Pippa and Julie!

You should market it. It would be a hit!

[Pippa] We'd never get a break from making it, though.

[Julie] You mean 24-hour sex? Fantastic!

Wendy

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GIANNI DI PALMA

Personal Details

AGE: *19*

VITAL STATISTICS: *36D-27-37*

SECOND PROFESSION: ***Student***

HOME TOWN: ***Coventry***

Watcha, Sammy. You're a new face around here.

Certainly am. I'm looking to become a Mayfair *regular too. How about it?*

Hang on, you've only just arrived!

You know what they say, 'the early bird catches the worm.' Well, I'm that bird! Come on, I want to pose for you regularly.

You've certainly got, erm… spunk!

[Laughs] Have you been watching my films then?

Eh? This is news to us. What films?

No, I'm joking. Well sort of. An old boyfriend and I filmed each other stripping off and taking a shower for a laugh. Thing is, the film's gone missing! Aarrghh!

Sounds familiar. We'll have to take a look behind the sofa.
What? No, I think it's more likely that it got thrown out by mistake.

Could be a couple of dustbin men right now watching the best film of their lives.
If they are, they're in for a long evening. I was feeling really randy that day and we used up three and a half hours of film! I was going at it like a train!

MAYFAIR Male

HAPPY CHRISTMAS! TIDINGS OF JOY AND GOOD WILL TO ALL MEN. AND WOMEN. OH BOLLOCKS TO IT, LET'S JUST GET ON WITH THE FILTHIEST LETTERS THIS SIDE OF LAPLAND...

TALK DIRTY TO US!

Need a shoulder to cry on? A friendly face to talk to? Then whatever you do, don't contact us. However, if you've got a twisted fantasy to relate, a warped request or a tale of hot fucking to tell – we're all ears!

MAYFAIR MALE
2 ARCHER STREET
LONDON W1V 8JJ
MAYFAIR E-MALE
mayfair@pr-org.co.uk

TOTAL BALLOONY? YES, HE'S BONKERS!

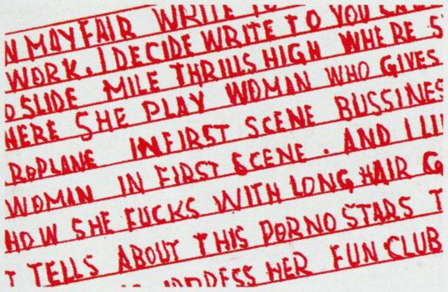
Some time ago in *Mayfair Vol 29 No 6* you printed an article called 'Truly Bizarre' which mentioned balloonatics, of which I am one. I've written to various companies who state they cater for all tastes but they never cater for mine. I am wondering if you could furnish me with any details of where I could obtain videos of girls posing with and bursting balloons.

Dave P, Devon

Your request may be genuine or full of hot air, Dave, but either way we've got fuck-all details relating to your particular fetish. Don't worry, though, coz here's a little photo to keep your spirits inflated...

BE AFRAID. BE VERY AFRAID

[The following letter is reproduced word for word as we received it. We do this for the sake of authenticity – and also so that we can righteously take the piss]



N MAYFAIR WRITE TO YOU
WORK. I DECIDE WRITE TO YOU
O SLIDE MILE THRILLS HIGH WHERE S
HERE SHE PLAY WOMAN WHO GIVES
ROPLANE IN FIRST SCENE BUSSINES
WOMAN IN FIRST SCENE. AND I LI
HOW SHE FUCKS WITH LONG HAIR G
T TELLS ABOUT THIS PORNO STARS T
ADDRESS HER FUN CLUB

Hellow Mayfair write to you meloman of hardnheavy if say shorts metalwork. Idecide write to you cause not so long ago I bought pornoslide Mile Thrills High where staring was porno star Niki Sterling and there she play woman who gives cards to aeroplane for thet man can fly in aeroplane in first scene bussines origined in aeroport. Where she and play that woman in first scene. And I liked she very much and her figure and how she fucks with long guy. It's very cool. And if you can thet tells about this porno stars to page your magazine. To end of story printed please address her fan club. With big respect and Ithank before.

"I LIKED SHE VERY MUCH"

Vladimir, Israel

Hellow Vladimir hope understand you this message. Go skool you go back and ask teacher how earth on you even got through door in first place. Wethank before.

WHO'S THAT GIRL?

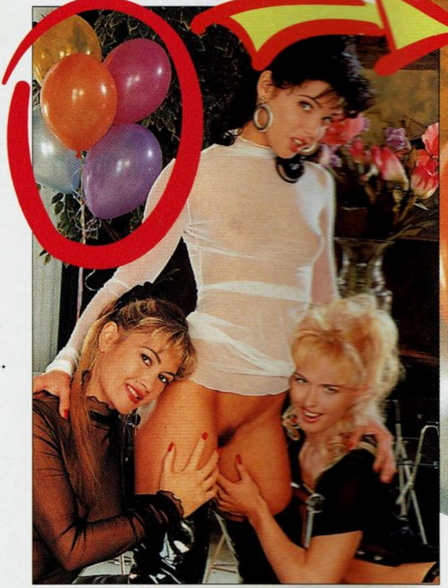
We are two medical students who have recently performed our first pelvic exam on a 19-year-old female student. When we saw Susan in *Mayfair Vol 32 No 9*, we were stupefied. Susan looks exactly like the volunteer we had on the examining table! It's unbelievable. The same red hair, the same slender figure, her titties, her sweet pussy, even the look in her eyes. Susan looks entirely like our volunteer. We still can't believe this! There are two possibilities: *Mayfair's* Susan actually must have been our volunteer, or she really has a perfect double here in Amsterdam.

About the exam we can tell you this: few moments in life are better than snapping your rubber gloves against your wrists when you have a beauty like Susan lying on the examining table with her drawn-up knees securely in the knee-rests! Our Susan was completely naked because the short gown that is normally worn during an exam to cover the upper part of the body was not available in our examining room. You won't be surprised that we weren't in the least bit disappointed about that! While Susan was lying on the table, the knee-rests held her flawless thighs in a conveniently spread position. Still visible on the skin of her hips and buttocks was the print of the high-cut knickers she was wearing only minutes before. She filled the air around the examining table with the musky feminine scent of her perfume. Susan had to be subjected to the speculum first.

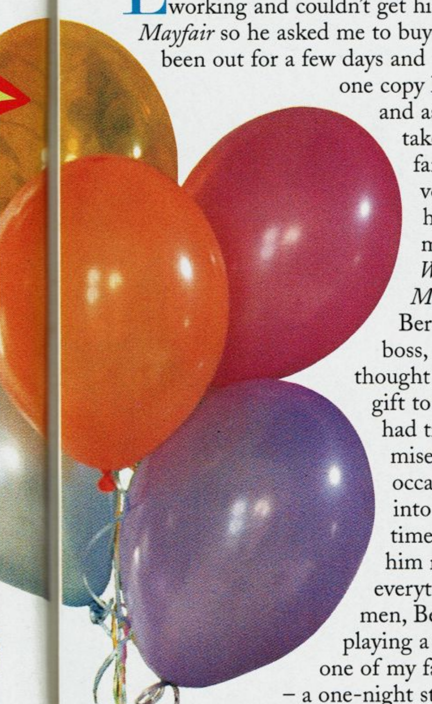
Her medical history showed that she was on the pill since the age of seventeen. This meant that she was already acquainted with the speculum. In fact she didn't utter a sound when the shiny metal instrument slowly slid up her supple cunt. Only when we opened its beak, she shivered and gasped a bit. In order to develop some routine each of us inserted and opened the speculum several times. We took turns at it and I think we did six or seven insertions between us. It was quite an exercise for this 19-year-old fresher, but she went through it admirably. The hardest part for Susan turned out to be the recto/vaginal exam. The procedure is to insert one finger into her cunt and another into her arse to check the wall separating the vagina and the rectum for defects. From our volunteer's uneasy sounds we gathered that she wasn't used to anything going into her tight young arsehole. It has to be said that our Susan possessed a wonderfully tight arsehole. Her anal opening enclosed our fingers like a strong elastic ring. We were quite sure that we had the honour to be the very first who touched this red-haired beauty inside her dark little buttonhole. As we probed her arse a dreamy look overcame Susan, her eyes becoming distant and glazed.

She was a bit shaky after the exam, but she pulled herself together, shook back her hair, gave us a slightly haughty glance and turned her sexy behind on us. It was difficult to resist giving her a goodbye smack, and since then we haven't seen her until discovering her appearance in *Mayfair.*

"THE SHINY METAL INSTRUMENT SLOWLY SLID INTO HER SUPPLE CUNT"



Look, Dave – you can see some pink!



Bob & Peter, Amsterdam

Creepy one, lads. We contacted Susan [left] but she assures us she's never even read a book on Holland let alone taken up study in Amsterdam. Maybe you've just been working a bit too hard?

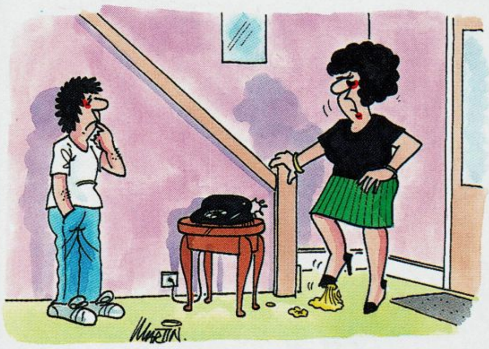
RED-HOT LETTER OF THE MONTH

MAYFAIR LADY

Last month, my husband Ian was away working and couldn't get his copy of *Mayfair* so he asked me to buy it. *Mayfair* had been out for a few days and there was only one copy left on the shelf, and as I reached up to take it I heard a familiar male voice. He said, "I had you down as more of a *Women's Weekly* than a *Mayfair*." It was Bernie, Ian's former boss, a man who thought he was God's gift to women. Bernie had tried (and failed miserably on each occasion) to get me into bed numerous times, and despite him representing everything I despise in men, Bernie ended up playing a major role in one of my favourite fantasies – a one-night stand with a male chauvinist pig. Like Bernie.

After getting over my initial horror and embarrassment, I regained enough composure to chat with Bernie as we both left the shop. I don't know why but I accepted his invitation to have coffee at a little office he had around the corner. In fact it was the little flat Ian told me Bernie kept to entertain female guests.

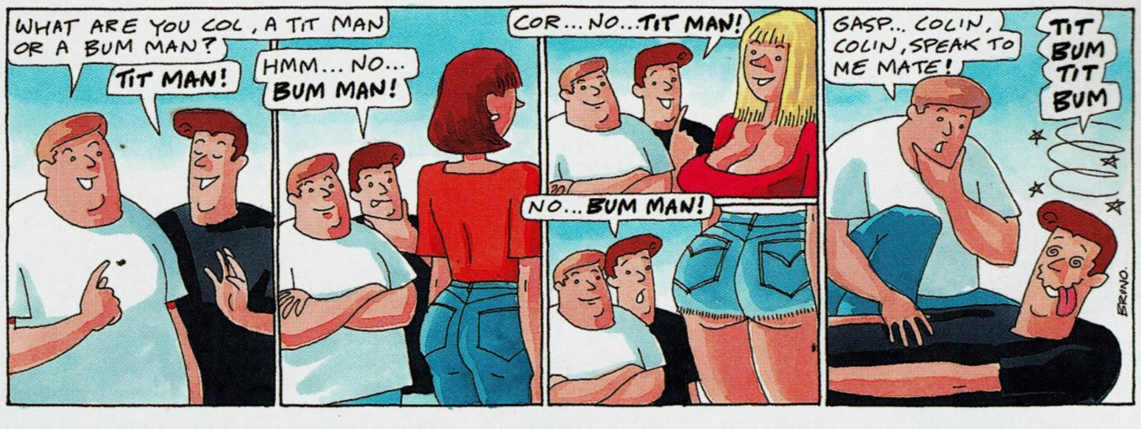
In the flat Bernie told me there were one or two interesting articles to read in the latest Mayfair *[One or two? Cheeky fucker! –SubEd]*, and then opened my copy at 'Quest'. continued on p31



"Jimmy! Have you been ringing those 0898 numbers again?"

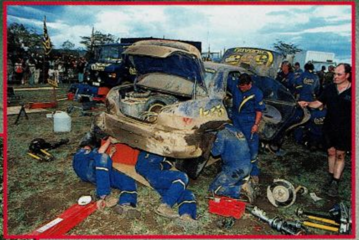
Colin Cox: MAYFAIR Male

by Bruno Gallagher


WHAT ARE YOU COL, A TIT MAN OR A BUM MAN?
TIT MAN!
HMM... NO... BUM MAN!
COR... NO... TIT MAN!
NO... BUM MAN!
GASP... COLIN, COLIN, SPEAK TO ME MATE!
TIT BUM TIT BUM
BRUNO.

OVER THE LIMIT

They don't teach this in driving lessons. Three point turns and emergency stops? Hah! How about spinning uncontrollably off the side of a mountain or keeping your nerve as the car launches several terrifying feet into the air? You want a true test? Then get out and rally...



There's pushing yourself to the edge of your limits, there's straining your nerves until they buckle under the pressure, there's cranking up the physical stress until it reaches maximum level... and then there's rally driving. An extreme sport of the highest order, driving a rally car around hazardous courses is one of the most gut-wrenching, brain-bending, physically and mentally demanding adrenaline rushes you can ever force upon your body. Oh, and it's fucking dangerous, too! The recent World Rally Championships summoned the greatest racers together under one insane banner, pitting them against one another in gruelling time trial events with little room for error. Yet, when you're burning along a pothole-laden track with rain pissing down so hard you can't see through the windscreen, errors are always around the corner – as these shots show! Perhaps the biggest mental strain weighing heavy upon driver's shoulders is the fact that it's not just them who face serious injury or, quite possibly, death. Unlike snowboarders, motor crossers and all the other daredevil sports persons in existence, rally drivers have to spare a thought for their navigator, the brains of the race. Truly a sport where teamwork is the choice between living and winning, or losing and getting fucked-up, you have to know for certain that your partner is 100% trustworthy and, more than anything, as psychopathic as yourself!

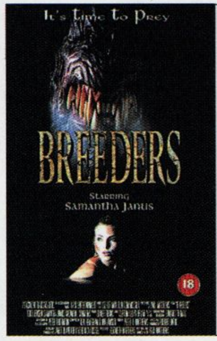
PICTURES: R. KLEIN, B. MC MASTER, B. MC CAFFREY

Ford
ESCORT
Ford
REPSOL
REPSOL
MICHELIN
OZ

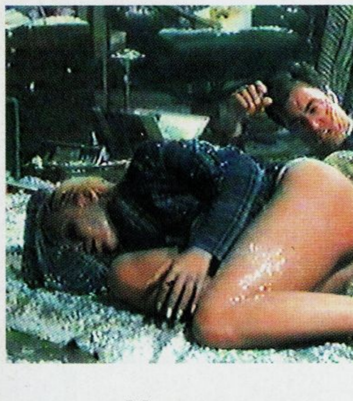
At long last, just what the world's been waiting for: Exclusive pictures of Samantha's Janus! Well, nearly…

TOP BREEDERS RECOMMEND… SAMANTHA JANUS

TEXT & IMAGES: ALLAN BRYCE / THE BIG PICTURE



There are several monsters alive which would like to get their hands on Samantha Janus, and not all of them live in Essex. The new film *Breeders* is about a sex-starved creature from another planet, and we've got ten copies of the flick to give away. Turn to page 41 for more details, you little horrors.



Readers of a well known men's lifestyle mag recently voted the incredibly tasty Samantha Janus as the bird they'd most like to go to bed with. Horny *Mayfair* readers, on the other hand, are made of sterner stuff. They'd shag her absolutely *anywhere* – and she wouldn't even have to ask nicely!

We all knew *Game On*'s blonde bombshell would make it to the big screen some day, and luckily for her millions of drooling fans Sammy has chosen her movie debut wisely, opting to get her kit off in what may very well be the best sci-fi horror movie… ever shot on location on the Isle of Man!

Wisely sent straight to video to avert wanking frenzies in UK cinemas, the film is called *Breeders* and it's all about big slimy creatures from space who come to Earth to cop off with our best-looking dollies. So why the fuck they're looking on the Isle of Man is anyone's guess, unless they're free masons – or want to watch the TT races in between ET shagging sessions?

Sexy Sam seems to have an affinity for the sci-fi genre, possibly because her surname rhymes with uranus. She recently starred in a TV movie about an invisible man alongside *Men Behaving Badly*'s Neil Morrissey. But that got the thumbs down from SF anoraks for not featuring shower scenes with lesbian overtones, or a dead good bit where Sam gets covered in alien spunk. Luckily, *Breeders* redresses the balance, and we have the exclusive pictures to prove it's no *X-Files* cover up. Are we good to you or what? Ⓜ

FIVE THINGS YOU NEVER KNEW ABOUT SAMANTHA JANUS

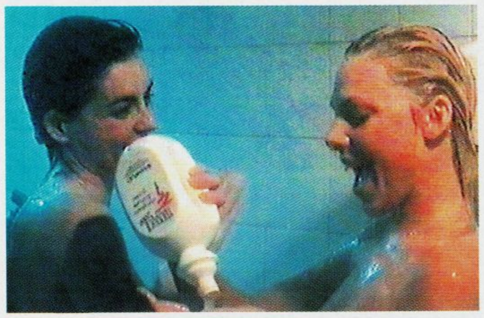
1. Sam was extremely rebellious as a child, and was expelled from a number of schools for (allegedly) getting the male teachers worked up. So, nothing new there, then!

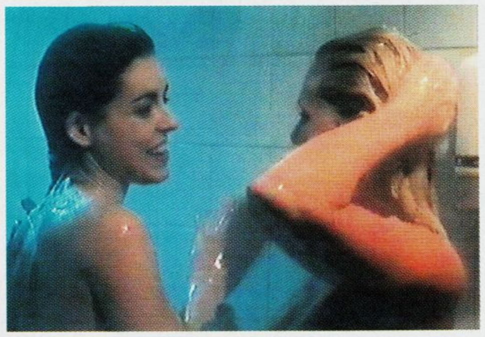
2. She left home at 16 to live in a squat, and for a time was a major party animal heavily into drugs: "I was a bit of a mess as a teenager," says Sam. Hmm. We thought all teenagers were like that.

3. An 18 year-old Sam represented the UK in the 1991 Eurovision Song Contest – and came tenth! "I could have killed myself" she said after an unkind critic commented, "We'd have had more chance entering a bag of crisps."

4. Her first acting role was a bit part in EastEnders, and she later auditioned for the role of Cindy Beale. Can you see her sleeping with Ian and working in a chippy?

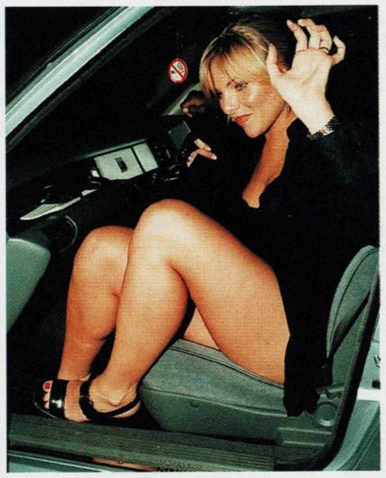
5. Sam got a different kind of Grease on the London stage, where she played Sandy in the '50's musical smash and regularly received a standing ovation. Nothing new there then, either!





Take *TWO* gorgeous girls into the shower? No, nor do we. Still, now that *Breeders* is out on video you can at least see sexy Sammy getting naughty and naked after years of *Game On* teasing…

Cor! Phwoarr! Oops! Before we forget, we must tell you that you can also win copies of *Game On*. So if you can tear your eyes away from these saucy pics point your face to page 41 to be in with a chance…



Above: Sam demonstrates the correct way to clamber out of a car seat when wearing a short skirt. Well done!

ON THE ~~PULL~~ PISS

This issue our three young hopefuls are rolling out the barrel and having a right old knees up – but that's enough about their private lives, now let's see how they get on attempting to pull barmaids…

The three potential pullers make their way out of the *Mayfair* offices, and they're positively buzzing. In fact, Ian has smuggled out a nine inch vibrator, so he's *literally* buzzing. They appear to be pumped, stoked, hyped and, all in all, rather enthusiastic about their forthcoming foray.

'Did he really say what I think he said?' asks an incredulous Ratt, referring to the 'mission briefing' which the Editor has just finished delivering. 'I can't believe it,' he adds, shaking his head in disbelief.

WARNING! CAMERAS NOW IN OPERATION!

PUB GRUB HOT OR COLD

Nishlord and Ian exchange knowing looks as the trio descend the stairs, and opt to remain silent until they are finally out of the building. They don't want to tempt fate by celebrating within earshot of the grumpy fucker who sets the agenda in case he changes his mind. Once they set foot on the litter-lined Soho pavement outside, however, both erupt into joyous whoops of unrestrained glee.

'Wa-hey!' exclaims Ian, trying unsuccessfully – but hilariously – to click both heels together in mid-jump. 'Woo-hoo! Wow! Wa-hey-hey!'

Nishlord is equally exuberant, yelling 'Yes! Yes! Oh God yeah fucking yes, yes, yessss! Let's do it!'

They have been ordered to spend all afternoon (and as much of their evenings as they can) in pursuit of totty. But not just any old totty, no sir. They've been told to pull a specific kind of girl – the kind of girl who works behind bars. And that doesn't mean female prison wardens…

'I thought I was going to lose it when he said who we are supposed to be pulling,' squeals Ratt. 'I thought he was definitely winding us up.'

'No no,' enthuses Ian. 'I sit opposite that miserable cunt five days a week, remember? So I knew he'd been considering the idea. In fact,' he adds with a sly grin, 'I implanted the thought within his subconscious mind myself, using a new neurolinguistic programming technique that I've been experimenting with. Looks to me like it really works!'

Nish and Ratt look at Ian with blank expressions, their non-comprehension as obvious as a cheap tart. Nodding inanely, the pair fall into a well practiced routine.

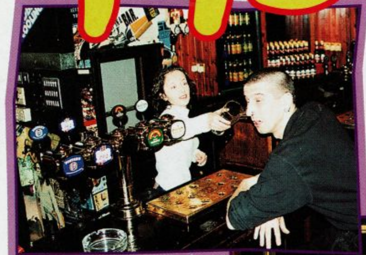
'Uh, yeah. Right-on, Ian,' says Ratt.

'Yeah, fucking far-out, Ian. Top job, man,' Nish concurs, before quickly changing the subject to matters more mundane. 'So, where should we start? Any ideas?'

A moment's musing later and Ratt pipes up with an idea that sounds, on the surface at least, to be uncharacteristically sensible.

'I know,' he says, snapping his fingers like cartoon characters do when they get an idea, 'why don't we jump on a tube to Stratford? There are a shit-load of top boozers there, stretching all the way up to the Green Man roundabout in Leytonstone. We can't fail!'

Shrugging their shoulders like other cartoon characters do when they can't think of a better idea, Ian and Nish nod their assent and the trio wander off to the Underground station.



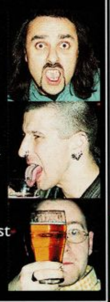
"I only asked if she had soft crusty baps…" Ratt babbles after getting a pint in – the face!

PLEASE DON'T SUE US!

Each issue we send three lads out on the pull with a pocket camera, a packet of johnnies and £50 in cash each, then follow them as they attempt to get off with different 'types' (like Nurses, Office Girls, Barmaids, etc). Of course, during the 'pulling session' they take photo's of each other with various girls – but we must point out that the people mentioned in the text are not necessarily the same as those featured in the photographs. Otherwise we might end up in trouble, and our Publisher would duff us up. And probably sack us. Which would mean no more cakes or lazy afternoons staring at women's naked bottoms. Okay?

PULLERS ON PARADE

Just Who The Fuck Do They Think They Are?



Name: Ian Tindale
Profession: Art Editor
Chat-Up Line: 'Look, I'll pay you, okay? Go on. Just one snog. Please.'

Name: Ratt
Profession: Unemployed
Chat-Up Line: 'If you think my ears are good, you should see my cock!'

Name: The Nishlord
Profession: Pavement Artist
Chat-Up Line: 'Uh, sorry love. I think I'm going to be… huuuuragh!'

"Oi, fatha, speak to our Nish. He was such a nice lad until those bigger boys got him drinking."

EASTENDER BENDER

Half an hour later and the lads are in the King George VII, Stratford High Street. Ian is first up to the bar, and bingo! The barmaid's a cracker! He can't believe his luck.

'Listen lads', whispers Ian. 'This is the first pub of what I am sure will prove to be a very long day. What say we drink half pints, eh? That way we'll be able to…'

Before he can finish his sentence, though, an indignant Nishlord interrupts him.

"This pub looks ace!" – "Doh! No fucking barmaids!"

'Fuck off, Ian!' he snarls. 'You can drink halves if you want to, ya poof. Me? I'll have a pint of the strongest lager they've got. Now get 'em in!'

Ignoring the insult, Ian turns his attention to the barmaid. 'Sorry about my friend,' he smarms, 'we'll have three pints of Tenants Extra, please.'

'Bring 'em to the table' Nish demands, as he and Ratt head for an unoccupied table at the back of the pub. 'We're going to discuss battle tactics.'

Ian dutifully delivers the two pints at their table, but then immediately disappears around the other side of the bar. Ratt and Nish exchange worried glances.

'You don't think…' Ratt begins, but then shakes his head in denial. 'No. He can't have. Not yet, anyway. I mean, Christ! We've only been here five minutes.'

Nishlord chuckles and lights a cigarette. 'Nah. Don't be daft,' he says. 'He's probably just gone for a slash. He'll be back in a minute.'

The pair start supping. 'Ahh, this is the life!' sighs Nish, before an uneasy silence descends. A minute passes. Finally, after what seems like a lifetime (but in reality is less than the time it takes to down a pint), the pair can stand it no longer.

'Right!' says Ratt, slamming his empty glass down onto the table. 'Let's go see what he's up to.' Easing up from their chairs, cameras at the ready, the pair inch their way to the corner of the bar David Attenborough-style, and take a peek around.

Sure enough, there's Ian; deep in conversation with the attractive barmaid who served him. What he doesn't know, however, is that the barmaid's equally fanciable friend is standing behind him making 'wanker' signs and putting the 'V's up behind his back, much to the delight of the bored barmaid who can barely control her giggles. Of course, Ian thinks she's laughing at his god-awful puns, and continues to flex his minuscule pulling power blissfully unaware of the real situation.

There's nothing like the dazzling blast of a camera flash to get Ian's attention and, thinking that he'll be pictured within the pages of *Mayfair* actually chatting-up some top crumpet spurs him on to greater things. Sadly, the barmaid's friend is similarly enthused, and she redoubles her sarcastic efforts. Poor Ian. Still none the wiser on leaving the pub, he tells his companions, 'I'm coming back here tomorrow. Did you see the way she was looking at me? I tell you, that girl is MINE!'

Resisting the temptation to set him straight, Ratt and Nish merely grin knowingly and head off for the next watering hole. Although the accuracy of the first part of Ratt's prediction proves uncannily correct (there *are* shit-loads of pubs in the area), the second segment of his prophesy appears somewhat optimistic…

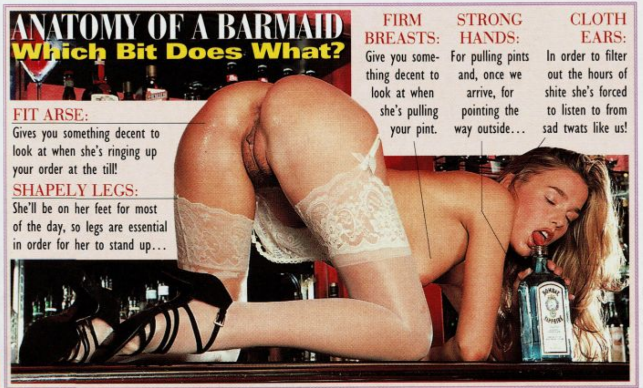
Entering first one, then another and another of the pubs along their chosen route, the lads are dismayed to discover that the majority of hostelries in the vicinity seem to be entirely bereft of female staff. Indeed, not one of the next five pubs they enter contain any bar staff – or even patrons – boasting an extra Y chromosome. But then…

WITHERED PRUNES

Just as it's beginning to look desperate, a gigantic new rub-a-dub looms over the horizon [Hey, we *are* in the East End after all! –SubEd]. One of the many virtually identical Wetherspoon chain of pubs, from the outside it looks cosy and inviting and, peering through the mock Georgian windows, Ratt spies a supremely attractive barmaid pulling pints and chatting amicably

ANATOMY OF A BARMAID

Which Bit Does What?



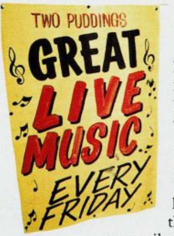
FIT ARSE: Gives you something decent to look at when she's ringing up your order at the till!

SHAPELY LEGS: She'll be on her feet for most of the day, so legs are essential in order for her to stand up…

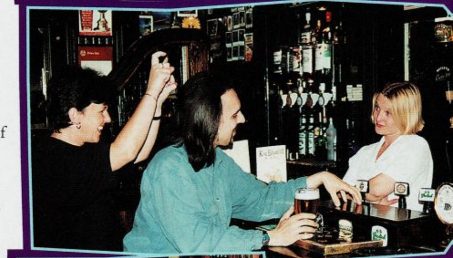
FIRM BREASTS: Give you something decent to look at when she's pulling your pint.

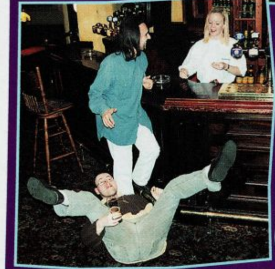
STRONG HANDS: For pulling pints and, once we arrive, for pointing the way outside…

CLOTH EARS: In order to filter out the hours of shite she's forced to listen to from sad twats like us!

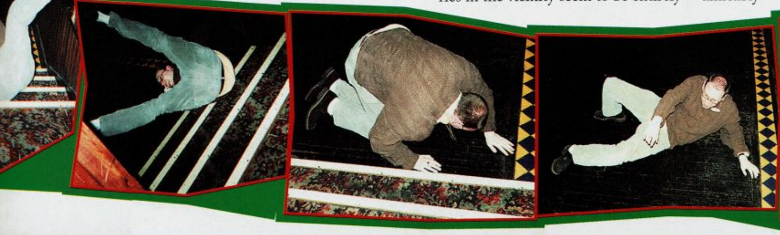


"Call this a 'fun' pub?" The laughter express derails at Wetherspoons…





"D'ya need a hand changing your kegs?" Ian ends up in a corner talking about his cock – again!

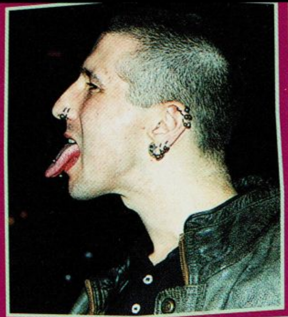


WAKE UP
TO BRITAIN'S FAVOURITE COFFEE

with the punters.

'Lay off! She's mine!' the pierced one proclaims, and immediately heads for the door, Ian and Nish hard on his heels.

In retrospect, Ratt's opening gambit could possibly be perceived as a tad forward. 'Hello, love,' he chirps, 'three pints of lager and a flash of your tits, please!'



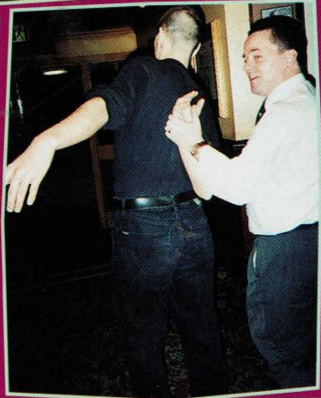
PLEASE
SORRY
NO CHILDREN OR
PETS IN THE PUB
OR THE GARDEN
THANK YOU
Beer of the Week

This does not go down well.

The barmaid's cheerful countenance is instantly replaced with a frosty persona as she stares our man down. 'Fuck me,' utters Nish conspiratorially, 'if looks could kill, eh? What d'ya think's the matter with her?'

Ignoring the remark as best she can, the aggrieved pump jockey dutifully pours the pints and demands payment. Figuring that if he's blown his chances anyway he may as well do it in style, Ratt pays the lady and, as she turns round to put the money in the till, he whips out his pocket camera and attempts to snap a picture of her arse. All hell breaks loose.

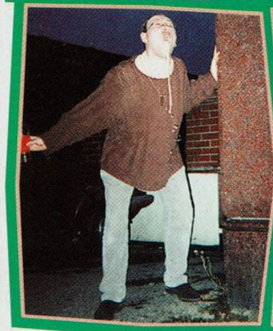
Previously unseen male staff members suddenly appear as if from nowhere, and surround the startled trio. Uh-oh.

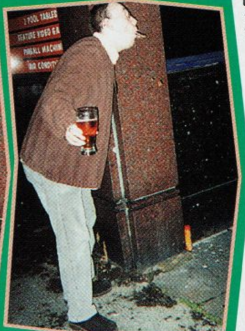


"Look everybody – I'm dancing with a fit blonde! Quick, take a pic!"

MAYFAIR
1.99

On go the beer goggles – and out goes Nish's dinner!





Gracefully invited to finish their drinks '…and then leave', the lads retire to a quiet table at the back (in fact, all the tables are quiet as jukeboxes are banned in Wetherspoons), and proceed to slag off the pub, its staff, customers, decor – even the carpets.

'You wait 'till we write this feature up,' warns Ian darkly. 'These wanky Wetherspoon killjoys are going to get a right slagging off.' As indeed they would, if the Editor wasn't so bloody paranoid about possible legal implications! Bah. Oh well, you get the picture…

Undaunted by this recent turn of events, our intrepid trio strike out once more for pastures new. Warming to the task, Nishlord insists on skulling at least a pint in each pub they try – female staff being present or not – so by the time they stumble upon Big Hand Mo's Good Time Entertainment Emporium on Leytonstone High Road he is in very high spirits.

W. & F. GROVER'S.
150. THE GROVE
STRATFORD, E.
PIANOS TUNED 2/6
MUSIC AT A THIRD
PIANOS ORGANS

As it happens, Big Hand Mo's GTEE is aptly named. Okay, so none of the barmaids are really called 'Mo', and they haven't got big hands either, but once inside a rip-roaring good time was had by all.

Ian and Ratt are making excellent headway with a cute little blonde behind the bar, who seems remarkably attentive to their piss-poor chat-up lines. Even when Nish wobbles over to try to get a look-in and falls flat on his face before he can utter a single syllable, the gorgeous barmaid remains unfazed.

By now Nishlord is literally bouncing off the walls (and floors). Electing to spend his entire £50 fee on booze alone, he has skipped his lunch in favour of a liquid one and now, as evening arrives and the sky turns a nasty shade of 'night', he wanders outside 'fur shome fresh airs'.

Luckily, the manager doesn't notice the bladdered Northerner hurling in his car park, but since Ratt has switched his attentions to the petite, dark-haired barmaid inside, Nishlord's pavement pizzas are academic anyway.

Ratt claims he can't remember exactly what it was he said to the willowy brunette, but the glassful of iced water he received in the face needed no interpretation. One again, they're out on their ears – and still no closer to copping off.

Wending their weary way up the remainder of Leytonstone High Road, the inebriated figure of Nishlord slumped in their arms, Ian and Ratt discover that pub owners are oddly reluctant to grant access to their bars to anyone who's had as much to drink as Nish.

'He was the life and soul of the party half an hour ago,' Ratt grumbles, struggling to keep a grip on the pissed one's ankles. 'We'll have to drop him off somewhere. I can't carry the fat bastard any further.'

Ian is in full agreement and, rounding the next bend, they find the perfect place. A gigantic advertising hoarding bearing the legend 'Wake Up!' in twenty foot-high letters provides a perfect final resting place for their cunted colleague – and another 'hilarious' photo opportunity.

Dumping the puke-stained and unconscious fellow down, they take a few snaps of his prostrate form, laugh at him and then continue the mission. And Nishlord isn't seen again.

TIME GENTLEMEN, PLEASE!

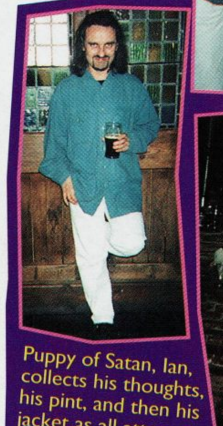
Looking back upon the remainder of the day, both Ratt and Ian are at a loss to recall exactly what sparked off the fight. They had ended up at a totally top boozer called O'Neills, another 'chain' pub to be sure, but one that seemed to have the emphasis placed firmly on 'fun'.

Fortunately, Ian had put in a garbled telephone call to *Mayfair*'s Sub-Editor Chris Hayward, alerting him to their whereabouts and inviting the young word smith to join them for the final leg of the feature…

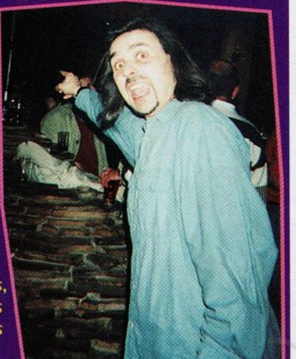
As sober as, well, if not a judge, then certainly a very sober person indeed, Chris enters O'Neills just in time to see Ratt swinging wild punches at Ian. A pair of bemused barmaids are sandwiched between the pissed-up pugilists, although they hardly seem upset by the shenanigans – in fact, they're loving every minute of it!

It's all too much for Chris, though, and he wades into the fray in an attempt to restore some order. Seconds later, and it's all over. The pullers are pulled apart and roughly manhandled into the freezing East End evening.

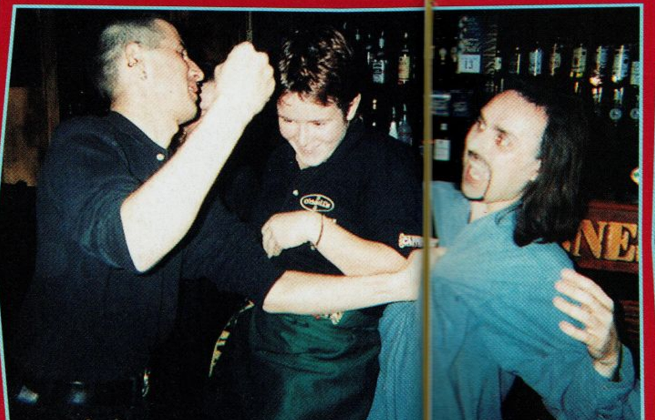
So, another On The Pull, and another disaster. At the time of writing, the Editor is still farting around the Algarve with a gaggle of glamour girls – so hopefully he'll be in a good mood when he reads this. Sorry boss. We'll definitely pull next time, honest! Ⓜ

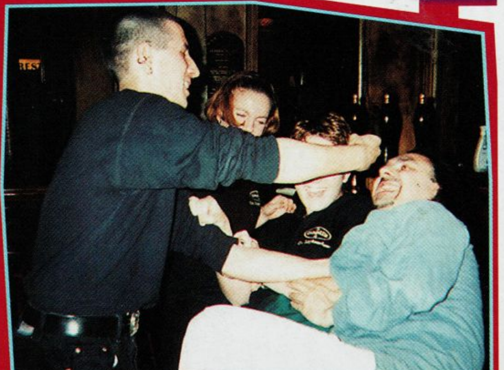


Puppy of Satan, Ian, collects his thoughts, his pint, and then his jacket as all attempts to get laid fall flat…



"This is not what I meant by a good fisting!" barks Ian as Ratt goes nuts.





MAYFAIR Male

continued from p5 That month it was all about one-night stands and reading the first couple of descriptions tipped me over the edge. Years of curiosity, an absent husband, *Mayfair,* and Bernie all fuelled my desire to turn my fantasy into reality.

Bernie couldn't believe his luck when he came out of the kitchen to find me slowly removing my blouse. He soon pinned me to a wall and kissed me quite roughly, his hand pushing my skirt up to rub my damp panties as his tongue forced its way down my throat.

I unzipped his trousers and got hold of his prick. Bernie's was thick and fat and I could hardly get my hand around his shaft. I grabbed him at the base and licked around the tip of his erection, with him telling me how much he'd wanted to shag me. I can't say I'm a fan of blowjobs, but I sucked and licked and kissed Bernie's cock like a veteran gob-jobber.

My clothes were quickly discarded and he had a brief fondle and finger before making me bend over the table. I reached behind to guide him in, his cock feeling a lot different from Ian's, that extra thickness meant Bernie actually felt much bigger. My pussy was used to slender Ian and now it had fat Bernie to contend with. He took it slowly at first, sliding in and out at a nice gentle pace, but as the excitement increased so did the power of his thrusts. I remained in that position for ages as Bernie kept going, my pussy soaked as I clenched the table wishing every day could be like this. He eventually pulled out and wanked his lovely creamy come all over my bottom. I dressed as quickly as I could and raced home, spending an hour in a hot bath reading *Mayfair,* reliving my encounter with Bernie by masturbating non-stop.

Ian is pretty shrewd and knows something has happened but I've refrained from telling him – I thought *Mayfair* could instead. Who knows, this could be the start of something special.

Diana, Staffs

Special? Yes, a divorce maybe.

I SCREAMED MY APPROVAL OUT LOUD

CODGER'S TODGER

I am a wanker. I have been wanking since I discovered that I had a dick and I believe that wanking is one of life's great pleasures. I know that it's hard to beat the ball-exploding climax that comes from having your dick up to the hilt in a good woman's cunt, but one activity does not exclude the other, and my life has been enriched by both fucking and wanking.

I am an old man now and I don't have the opportunities that the young people have today for an active sex life, but I must tell you how an angel came into my life. Some time ago a young woman who was doing charitable work came to visit my house and still visits me regularly. On one such visit I remarked that I was having difficulty getting into and out of the bath, and she offered to help.

Needless to say I accepted the offer with enthusiasm. On the first visit to bath me she was wearing a track suit which she removed, and she stood in her bra and pants to help me in and out of the bath. I immediately got a huge erection, the first in ages. When she saw this she said, "Oh dear, have I got you excited?" and nothing more happened. About a month later, Paula came back and I had another bath.

"Will you put out this note for the milkman, darling?"

This time when she removed the tracksuit she had nothing on underneath. I feasted my eyes on her beautiful nubile tits and her lovely shaven cunt and got the hardest erection yet. After the bath I was back in the bedroom when Paula produced a copy of *Mayfair.*

" 'He's gone to work. Come upstairs and screw me, big boy!' "

We read the magazine together and she compared herself with your models and at one stage she thrust her cunt in my face and asked which I preferred – her or the model in the picture.

She then reached out and took my dick in her hand and gave me a fantastic slow wank until I exploded cum all over the place. This experience has revived my sex life. I would like to have my dick sucked some day, but until then I will be grateful for being wanked by a beautiful woman.

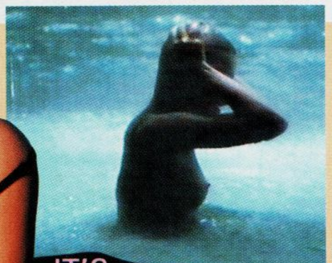
Robert, Edinburgh

We always wondered why meals-on-wheels are so popular. You've answered our query and also offered an idea as to how we get our leg over in a few years time. Providing we survive the millenium! continued on p53

Celebrity Sizzlers!

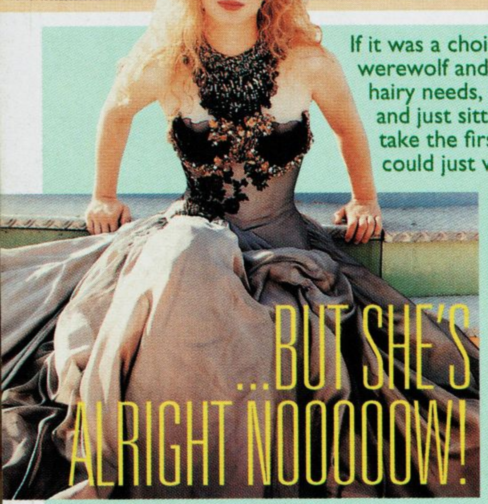
THERE ARE A FEW ESSENTIAL ELEMENTS ALL GOOD FILMS SHOULD HAVE: A TOP PLOT, FINE CHARACTERS, GREAT ACTING, FANTASTIC SETS AND WICKED SPECIAL EFFECTS. OH YEAH, AND TITS AND FANNIES TOO...

We went to see *The Fifth Element* and thought that overall it was as entertaining as fog. Still, it did have Milla Jovovich in it with some masking tape strapped across her breasts and ass. Which was nice.

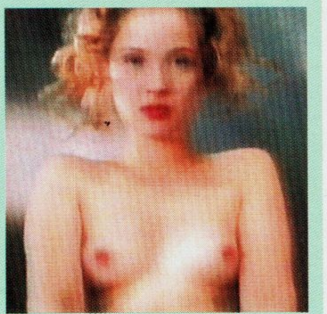


IT'S MILLA TIME!

An American movie mag recently described Milla Jovovich as having "the smudgy glow of a virgin flushed from seeing her first excited penis!" They have a point. It's her sexy innocence that has made this horny woman one of the highest-paid supermodels, and now an internationally famous actress – seen wearing very little apart from a narrow strip of bright orange rubber in Luc Besson's $75 million sci-fi epic, *The Fifth Element*. Born in Kiev in the USSR, but raised in Los Angeles, Milla became one of Revlon's 'unforgettable' girls at the age of 13 and hasn't stopped working since – currently fronting the ads for Calvin Klein's perfume, Escape. She certainly looks heaven scent!

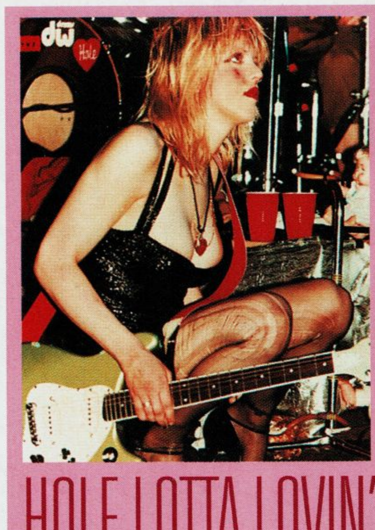


If it was a choice between turning into a werewolf and having Julie Delpy tend your hairy needs, or not turning into a werewolf and just sitting alone in your room, you'd take the first option every time. You could just watch Jool's latest film, though.

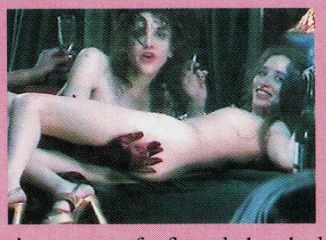


...BUT SHE'S ALRIGHT NOOOOOW!

You can't beat a decent bit of French crumpet (or is it croissant?), and we can't think of a more sensual and erotic slice of Gallic gash than the gorgeous Julie Delpy! A pale beauty who knows of sunlight only in theory, her skin is so translucent that she seems almost ghostly at times, or, with her soft curls of gold, like some heavenly angel as captured by a Renaissance painter. But this angel is made of flesh and blood alright, a sexual being who has enticed audiences everywhere with her breathtaking nudity and passionate love scenes. A major star in her home land, Delpy is poised to become an even bigger hit internationally with the forthcoming release of *An American Werewolf In Paris*. As in the earlier film, a visiting yank goes all hairy-palmed while trying to romance a beautiful local girl, in this case curvy, bedroom-eyed goddess Julie. You've got to agree she's worth howling over!



HOLE LOTTA LOVIN'



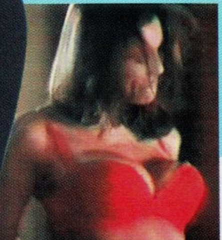
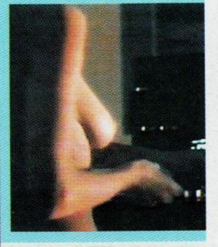
With a reputation as a self-destructive fuck-up, who would have guessed that in 1997 Courtney Love would be heralded as an enormous multi-talent with an almost certain Oscar nomination in her future?

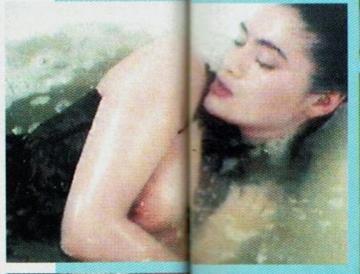
When hubby Kurt Cobain died, many observers thought that Courtney's moment of reflected glory had finished. But then came a smash hit album from her group, Hole, with maximum MTV exposure of Courtney in a skimpy baby doll nightie. The band's world tour was a sell-out smash, though gone were the days when she would plunge into the audience and get tossed around on the hands of horny teenagers, who would brazenly fondle and grope her private parts. But what really took the world by surprise was Love's dazzling performance in the controversial feature, *The People Vs Larry Flynt*. Courtney played Flynt's wife Althea, a charismatic stripper and junkie, and the actress has reportedly done extensive field work in both subjects. And we're not going to argue with her!

Since Kurt Kobain died Courtney Love is doing better than ever before, stripping away her old grunge look to make way for... erm, more stripping! She's got a band called Hole too. Which always makes us laugh.

CHARLIE'S AN ANGEL

Luscious supermodel-turned-actress Charlotte Lewis has the most awesome chest-to-waist ratio in the business. She also boasts a perfectly formed bum, which she wiggles so sexily you'd think it was on ball bearings. Born in England of mixed Latin, Middle Eastern and Irish heritage, the exotic beauty has matured on the screen from a naughty nympho to a sexy 32-year-old femme fatale, trailing in her wake a host of clichéd headlines detailing her battles with drugs and booze. Mind you, a girl would need to be on something mind-altering to deal with the roles Charlie has been involved in recently!

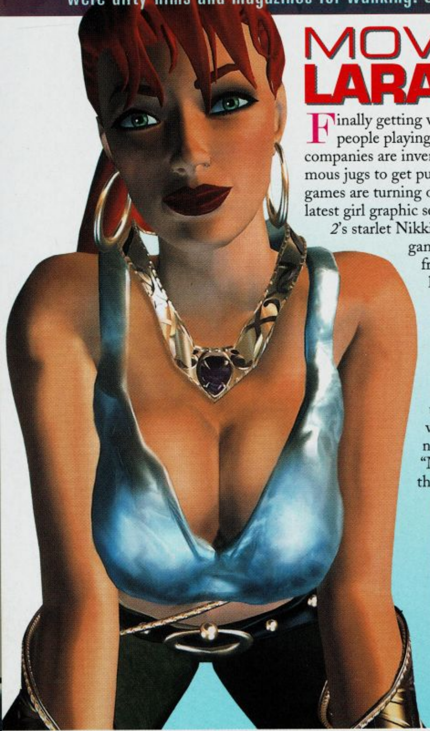


Top of the Celebrity Sizzlers this month is the absolutely gorgeous Charlotte Lewis. Just look at that ass! Gah, if only we lived nearer, had more money, were famous, were handsome, owned cars...

TEXT & IMAGES: ALLAN BRYCE

SCENE From MAYFAIR

Father Christmas? Fat Cunt more like. He only gave us biscuits and toys when we were young when what we really wanted were dirty films and magazines for wanking. So ignore that fictitious monster and enjoy our festive Scene instead. Ho, ho, ho…



MOVE OVER LARA CROFT?

Finally getting wise to the fact that the majority of people playing video games are male, games companies are inventing female characters with enormous jugs to get punters' hands working. So far, the games are turning out to be pretty tasty too, and the latest girl graphic seeking adoration is *Pandemonium 2*'s starlet Nikki. The game itself is every platform game you've ever seen, except back to front, upside down, inside out and loaded to the eyeballs with MDMA. So really rather different. As fans of the first outing, we were going to cover the PlayStation disc anyway, but seeing as BMG Interactive sent us a pic of busty Nikki we've ended up making it lead story. My god, we're whores! *Pandemonium 2* is out now with the advertising line, "More than the dog's bollocks, it's the cat's nadgers too." Quite.

Pandemonium2

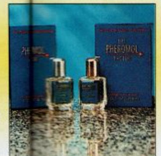
BOOBS CAUGHT ON FILM

Without saying anything derogatory about weasel-like Noel Edmonds, we're going to run a story on a new video of his. *It's Gotcha Get You Laughing* is a side-splitting video – for aunties and old men, at least – featuring a bumper collection of 'Gotcha' out-takes from the Noel Squirrel's successful Beeb series *House Party*. Our particular fave blooper features the buxom beauty Melinda Messenger in which the hairy Noel worm sets her up during a photo-shoot. Other celebs finding themselves being laughed at include Jeremy Clarkson, Richard Branson and the tiny singing tots, Boyzone. The smartly packaged cassette costs £10.99, and looks like it might be fun. For a while.

KICK UP A STINK

Humans, on the whole, are ignorant creatures, and we often forget that we are animals driven by animal instincts – we like to eat, sleep and fuck. As far as fucking goes humans, like animals, have a range of body chemicals called pheromones, and they play a major part in sexual attraction.

Pheromones leak out of our arms and backs and fly through the air to tickle the noses of people we fancy, and this is how men attract women. Yes it is. 'Pheromol' is a new product on the market which capitalises on this basic instinct and is designed to help you lure members of the opposite sex. What's more, it has gone through all manner of scientific tests – and proven successful! Just a splash of the honking water on your wrists and neck and, apparently, your chances of scoring will instantly be greater, rounding up woman left, right and centre. To date, we still haven't pulled fuck all with it, even when pouring it into our hair while out 'On The Pull'. But hey, that's just us ugly fuckers. It is a good laugh, though, and the cheapest pheromone potion available. And it keeps cats away, too. Unlike us (who got it free), you'll have to splash out £17.95 to prove it doesn't work. Call 01483 204451 to find out phwoar!



BOX OF THE BIZARRE

NICE ONE FORTEAN TIMES. BAD ONE ALL YOU EVIL SCHEMING BILDERBERGERS.

CFI DIE DAY

The French channel CFI accidentally ran a hardcore porn film on its Saudi Arabian communications satellite (doh!). A technician at CFI said later he had put the film on out of boredom, unaware he was sharing the experience with 21 Arab countries. The angry Saudis consequently cancelled CFI's contract which was worth £5 million. Morons.

IN THE FAMILY WAY?

A couple had to divorce after a week of marriage upon suddenly discovering they were brother and sister. Separated as kids and raised in different orphanages, the two ended up going to college together and only found out the truth when the man, Veneline, introduced his wife Marieta to his mother. She fainted upon seeing her long lost daughter!

QUELLE SUPRISE!

While holidaying in France, the Glover family from Southampton bought a few postcards only to discover that they were in the pictures! The photo of the main street in Saint-Gilles-Croix-de-Vie showed the Glovers doing a bit of shopping during their trip to France four years earlier.

TA-WAT TA-WOO!

Owl breeder Neil Simmons tried communicating with a tawny owl that had taken to nesting in his back garden by hooting at it every night. Although the owl stayed silent, Neil's hoots did attract his next door neighbour, Fred, who began answering back. For 11 months the couple crept into their back gardens to unwittingly hoot at each other, Neil detailing every 'conversation' held in a log book. It's not known if they got as far as eating mice or turning their heads 360 degrees before realising their stupid mistake.

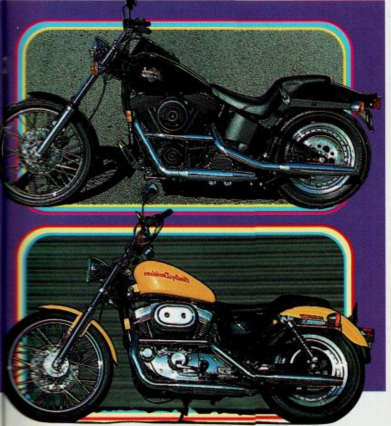
CRACKING UP

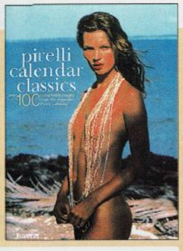
A woman in Florida called the police and reported she had been sold fake crack cocaine. The cops arrived to examine what Rosie Hill believed was baking soda, and discovered that it was, in fact, *real* crack cocaine. So they promptly nicked her for possession…

ft

WHERE ARE THE BEARDS?

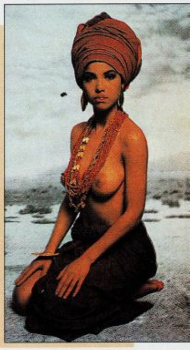
There was a time when rock hard bikers would brawl 24 hours a day in a ruck of beer, knives and chains, before climbing on their oily hogs and roaring off to fuck their slag wives. It looks like that's all changed, because the original symbol of biking mayhem – the Harley Davidson – has now gone marketing mad, putting their latest models on display at the NEC Motorcycle show. Yes, it's all men in suits, clean-shaven faces and horrendous prices these days. Although the scene may have changed, the bikes still maintain that grunting, 'fuck you' appeal and these two beasts – the FXSTB Softail and the XL53C Custom 53 – are the latest to be coughed out of HD's enormous production head. So yes, they're out now and cost lots of money. But you can look at these pictures of them for nothing. If you want.

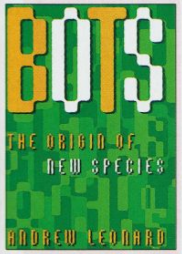




ONE A MONTH

"The intention was that the calendar would not look out of place on the garage wall, and that, after a month of tea breaks, an interested mechanic might reflect on the mechanics of seeing." So says Derek Forsyth in regard to his work on the excellent Pirelli Calendars. Yep, barking. Now there's a large-format glossy paperback book out compiling over 100 images from those very same calendars which began life back in 1964, a time when models were just as keen to show off their knockers as they are now. Pirelli Calendar Classics is £12.99 and just to be nice, we'll show you some sample pics so you can get an idea what it's all about (as if you didn't know already!). We've a feeling that we may have covered this book when it came out in hard-back months ago. But nobody could be arsed to dig out the 'back issues' file to check. So here it is again. Maybe.





LISTEN UP, ROBOTS

When you were young, did you ever think that everybody else was a robot? Actual physical machines pretending to be human? A bit like Terminator but without the violence. It was as if they were all in on the act – and on the verge of cracking up saying 'Ha, ha! Yes, we're all robots, and you're the only real person. Now what are you going to do?' Ahh, those were the days.

Talking of robots (notice the quality of these links), we were sent a book called BOTS: THE ORIGIN OF NEW SPECIES, *a novel about intelligent computer codes on the Internet. We know, it doesn't sound like it involves much licking of fannies, but we thought you might want a bit of a break from sex. No? Oh. Well* BOTS *is out for £14.99. Okay, that's the plug done – onward with news about shagging!*

CAUGHT BY THE QUOTE TALES

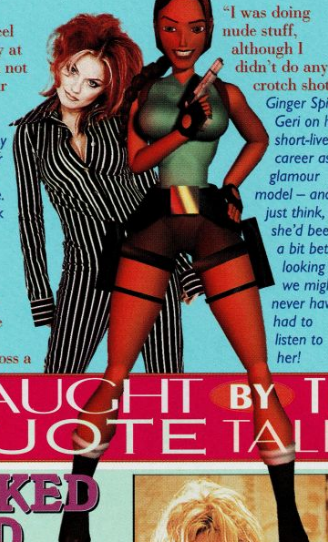
"I like a guy to be able to fix stuff around the house, but I don't really want him cooking, cleaning or washing up."
Quite possibly, the most intelligent thing that Tamara Beckwith has ever said. Very well done dear, now do shut the fuck up. Please.

"I never lie."
Maybe you don't, Jon Bon Jovi, but we wish you would. We wish you would lie down and die!

"I remember being underneath my duvet at the age of 12, fantasising about Kate Bush"
Bjork, proving that even tiny, shrieking Icelandic women have something in common with British men.

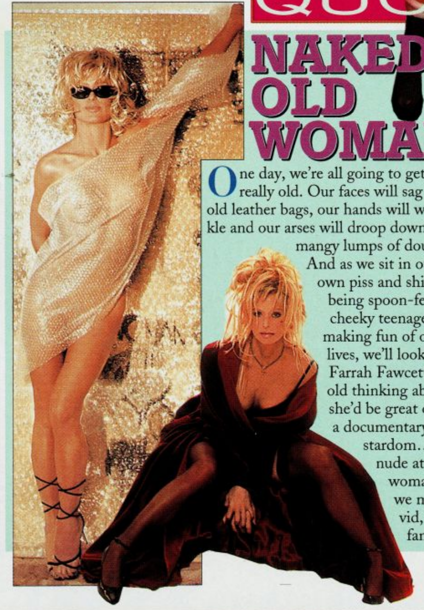
"I never feel completely at ease if I'm not within four walls"
Liz Hurley explains why she sold her converted Oast House. Go on, think about it…

"I never know whether I want to be running naked across a field or drinking Guinness in the pub"
Rhona Mitra (aka Lara Croft). And some people wonder why we find this woman so attractive!

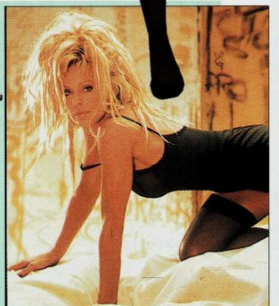


"I was doing nude stuff, although I didn't do any crotch shots"
Ginger Spice Geri on her short-lived career as a glamour model – and just think, if she'd been a bit better looking we might never have had to listen to her!

NAKED OLD WOMAN



One day, we're all going to get really old. Our faces will sag like old leather bags, our hands will wrinkle and our arses will droop down like mangy lumps of dough. And as we sit in our own piss and shit, being spoon-fed by cheeky teenagers making fun of our lives, we'll look into the air and think, "I wish I was Farrah Fawcett". Because at fifty (which isn't all that old thinking about it), Farrah Fawcett still looks like she'd be great on the job. Her new video *All Of Me* is a documentary/erotic showcase charting FF's rise to stardom… and her decision to strip off to pose nude at fifty. We don't normally go for woman quite as old (or mad) as Farrah, but we must admit we did enjoy looking at the vid, and you too can see the old girl go all fancy crazy for a feisty £14.99.



SCENE from MAYFAIR

OUT&ABOUT
Burning Up
Red Shoe Diaries
Hotline
Mon Homme

WATCH THESE VIDEOS IF YOU WANT

It's ridiculous really. We're supposed to review videos and yet nobody here has got a fucking video player at home! What is this, the stone age? No other mag has this problem. So reluctantly, and only this once we promise you, we had to turn to the only man in possession of such a machine – the Editor. The following is a transcript of what happened when we approached the man in charge.

(Door to Ed's office slowly creaks open as we cowardly step inside)

'Fuck you, cunts – back to your desks!'

'No, Editor, sir… we need you to watch a few videos. Please.'

'Have they got shagging in them?'

'Er… quite possibly'

'And no cocks. I can't stand cocks in me films.'

'Look, both The Red Shoe Diaries *and* Mon Homme *are totally cock free.'*

'Right, give 'em here and piss off. And send the next model in.'

(Four weeks later)

'Erm. About those videos, sir.'

'Oh yes, let me return them to your person, young man.'

'Eh?'

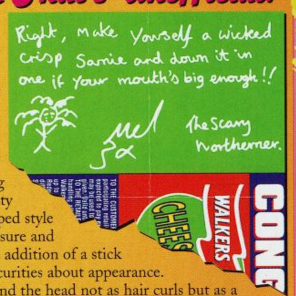
'Yes, I was most impressed. Both titles deserve a recommendation in our esteemed pornographic organ.'

Actually, he didn't say that. In fact, this entire story has been made up and we apologise for waffling on simply to say *The Red Shoe Diaries* and *Mon Homme* are quite good videos. Sorry.

MEL B MAD!

And That's Unofficial!

Our Ed actually found a winning ticket inside a packet of crisps the other day. He didn't win the £million Walkers jackpot (no fucking surprises there, then) but he did win… another bag of crisps! The best bit of this grand prize was that it came with an actual note from 'Scary' Spice Girl Mel B, and so intrigued were we by this little missive that we got Doctor Rudolph Stinkhorses, a professional graphologist (aka fictitious hand-writing specialist), to analyse it. Here's what Stinkhorses concluded: "The person in question is showing a serious personality defect. It's a cramped style which signals pressure and inner conflict. The addition of a stick figure indicates insecurities about appearance. I interpret swirls around the head not as hair curls but as a symbol of sanity escaping from the skull, and the double exclamation mark shows this person is desperate to make a point and be taken seriously – instead of living a life of false wackiness. So yes, all in all, quite mad – and possibly dangerous."



Right, make yourself a wicked crisp Sarnie and down it in one if your mouth's big enough!!

mel B x

The Scary Northerner.

Looking Hard

The Worst Places To Get An Erection

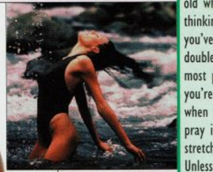
A Funeral

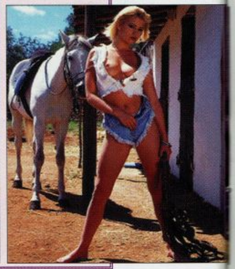
It is a fact of life – death. At some point everyone kicks the bucket and trots off to meet their maker. As such, grieving friends and relatives assemble under one sombre roof to come to terms with the ordeal, dressed in black and weeping into hankies. But as you stand in church, bible in hand, the congregation a mass of tears and unhappiness, there's one thought that lingers in your mind – your dick. Yes, of all the places for your nob to spring to life, it's chosen one of the very worst situations in which to engorge with blood – a funeral. While everyone else fights back the tears thinking of dear old what's-his-face lying in a coffin, you're thinking of your mate's hardcore porn film you've borrowed, unable to shake that scene of double penetration from your mind. Fortunately, most people are too busy mourning to notice you're protruding during these times, and even when you have to stand up to sing songs and pray it's a good bet your long suit jacket will stretch down far enough to cover the evidence. Unless you've just turned up in your underpants, that is, in which case you really are in trouble!

ROM WITH A VIEW

Computer screen savers are, on the whole, toss. The novelty of watching some graphical cat walking around your screen wears thin when you realise that the only point of screen savers is to save your screen when you're on your break. It's a conspiracy hatched by devious bosses, that's what it is. Instead of skiving off work like what you ought to be doing, you're sat at your desk checking out your screen saver. However, we're going to be complete hypocrites now in order to recommend a batch of saucy CD-ROMS featuring, you've guessed it, horny chicks.

Tring International have released a series of savers which double up as computer calendars, and include such celebrity sizzlers as Pamela Anderson, Melinda Messenger and Jo Guest. There's also a special supermodel collection including Tyra Banks (and some others we've never heard of), and all in all if you're after a screen saver you might as well get one full of fine women. Like these. Out now for £9.99, you can find all of the above in shops, adult stores, and your boss's drawer.





WIN 'GAME ON' VIDS

The BAFTA-winning laddish TV sit-com is out on video and we've got 10 copies of the second series to give away. All you gotta do to stand a chance of winning is unscramble the following letters to make the name of a BAFTA winning laddish TV sit-com – ON GAME. Answers on a postcard to the usual address.

Hint: The answer is GAME ON

WIN 'BREEDERS' VIDEOS

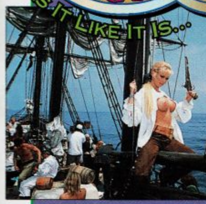
A meteorite crashes into the grounds of an all-girl college and releases an alien monster out to shag every woman in sight. Yep, it's the sci-fi flick Breeders, and we've got ten copies of the excellent Third Millennium film to give away! To stand a chance of winning unscramble the following letters to make the name of a sci-flick – SREDEERB

Hint: the answer is BREEDERS

A QUESTIONABLE CHARACTER

TELLS IT LIKE IT IS…

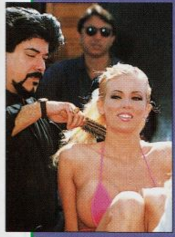
There are journalists, media hacks and paparazzi. Then there's Harris Gaffin. This man recently covered America's porno industry in his topper book *Hollywood Blue*. So who the hell does he think he is?



Hollywood Blue

What attracted you to the porn industry?

My chiropractor suggested my stiff neck was caused by spending too much time with fashion models who are very, very tall. My doctor suggested I surround myself with porno stars who are often short. After being with them, I can honestly say my neck never felt better.



Who do you prefer – women from Paris or LA?

French women understand seduction, teasing and the art of making you appreciate what they've got. LA women, on the other hand, prefer just to go after what *you've* got.

What was the weirdest thing that happened to you while in Britain?

I was waiting for the last train at Camden tube station and needed a pee real bad. A woman watching suggested I go while she stood guard and then she disappeared without trace. I went to the same place the next night but peed alone.

What would be the ultimate photo shoot for you to be involved in?

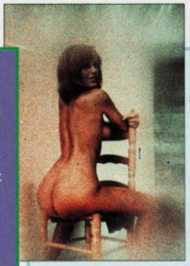
Cast a full-figured older woman and a pert eager-to-learn younger woman and photograph them doing an adult education scene – advanced course. I'd zoom up close until my lens fogged up, my film was spent and my batteries were truly drained.

Ever wanted to jack it all in and work for a gardening magazine?

Funny you should mention that. I love food photography. After doing a hot sex shoot, I look forward to a regular gig I do for 'Pizza News'. I find it very artistically rewarding.

What lies in the future for Harris from Paris/America/Britain?

A winter photo trip to a warm, exotic island with a model who appreciates exhilarating coffee at the beginning of the day and fine wine at the end.



ARSED FROM THE PAST

Anyone who knows their history of fuck films will no doubt have heard of the legendary Fiona Richmond, an adult starlet who entertained many a gentleman with her naughty on-screen antics back in the 70's. Out now are three of feisty Fiona's films to transport you back to that age when sex movies didn't feature all that much sex. Engaging simply to see how things have changed since those 'daring' days, *Expose*, *Let's Get Laid* and *Hardcore* see Fiona involved in some hilarious plots (not to mention haircuts and jumpers) as she romps her way through a variety of situations (cue more haircuts, jumpers and cheesy music). All three are fine films and worth watching simply so you can relax, have a laugh and then put on a modern porno vid to see how things are done nowadays. Like, with people actually fucking and stuff.

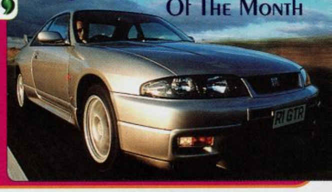
SCENE from WEM

No news this month, as we've heard that Wem is so backward it's forgotten to exist!

FSC Flash Sports Car Of The Month OTM

"It's not a pudding"

It has a top speed of 195 mph, packs 1,000+ horsepower and costs £50,000. In fact, what can we say about the Nissan Skyline GT-R that hasn't been said already? Well, how about this – it's not a pudding.



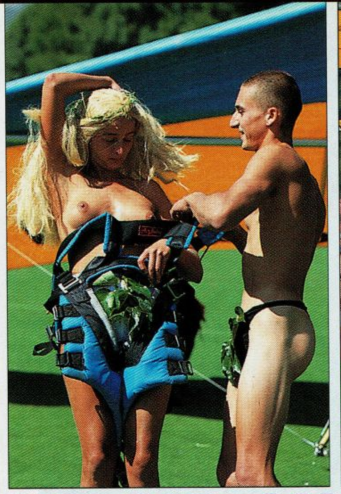
THE GAME'S UP

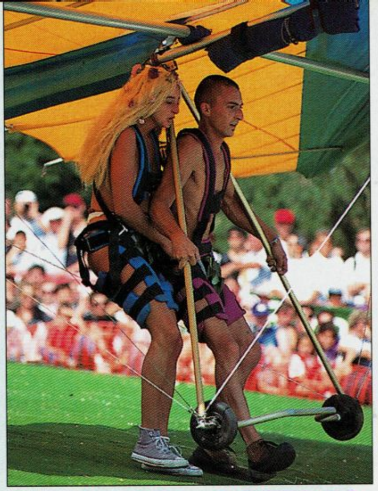
NO COPILOT
PAUSE
SMD
INTEL
SNAFU
WARNING

The notorious villain Henri LeMonde has stolen a tactical nuclear bomb and is about kick off a war! Enormous cripes! How come this hasn't been on the news, eh?!? This is terrible – it could be the end of our lives. Quick, phone everyone you know and tell them how much you… wait a minute. Oh, we're reading a press release for a computer game. Thank turds for that! For a moment there we thought… we thought it was all over. But nay, it's the plot for a rocking PlayStation disc called *Nuclear Strike* in which you pilot a load of kick-arse vehicles in a game exploding with death and destruction. Constructed by Electronic Arts, they've got a bundle more releases set to turn your gaming head on. *Warcraft II: Dark Saga* is a superb action strategy type doo-dah steeped in mediaeval malevolence, and features plenty of fantasy fighting with you as the commander of an orc empire. Now there's a thing.

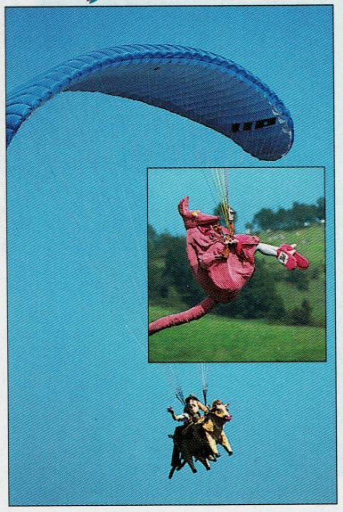
We must give *The Lost World* a mention too. So, erm, there – we just have!

SCENE from MAYFAIR





UP, UP AND WA-HEY!



Seeing as our 'elephant falling into the sea' Extreme Sports feature proved so popular – we even got a letter about it! – we thought you may like to see some other nutters up to some equally insane tricks. *Mayfair* reporter David Wootton zipped off to France to capture this weird group of folk pissing about with all sorts of bizarre flying machines. The main custom vehicles being flown were paragliders, rigged up in various freaky costumes like cows, kangaroos and – ha, ha – penises! Taking off from a cliff 3,000 feet up, the competitors were aiming to fly as far as possible in a bid to win prize money totalling 200,000 francs. Loonies the lot of 'em.

Big Fuck-Off Bike Of The Month BFB

“ Talk dirty to me, baby… ”

A Suzuki TL1000S. Now here's a machine that says "Respect." Okay, it doesn't actually say "Respect" because it hasn't got a mouth. Or vocal chords. But it does go like the clappers, and that's the main thing.

OTM

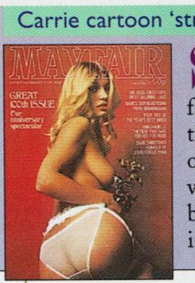
MAYFAIR'S THOUGHT OF THE MONTH

There's nothing quite as unpleasant as biting into a lovely red apple and then seeing half a worm inside. A similar situation happened to us the other day when, while eating a bag of marshmallows, we looked down to see that we were actually eating a bag of little lambs' tongues. Funny how it goes.

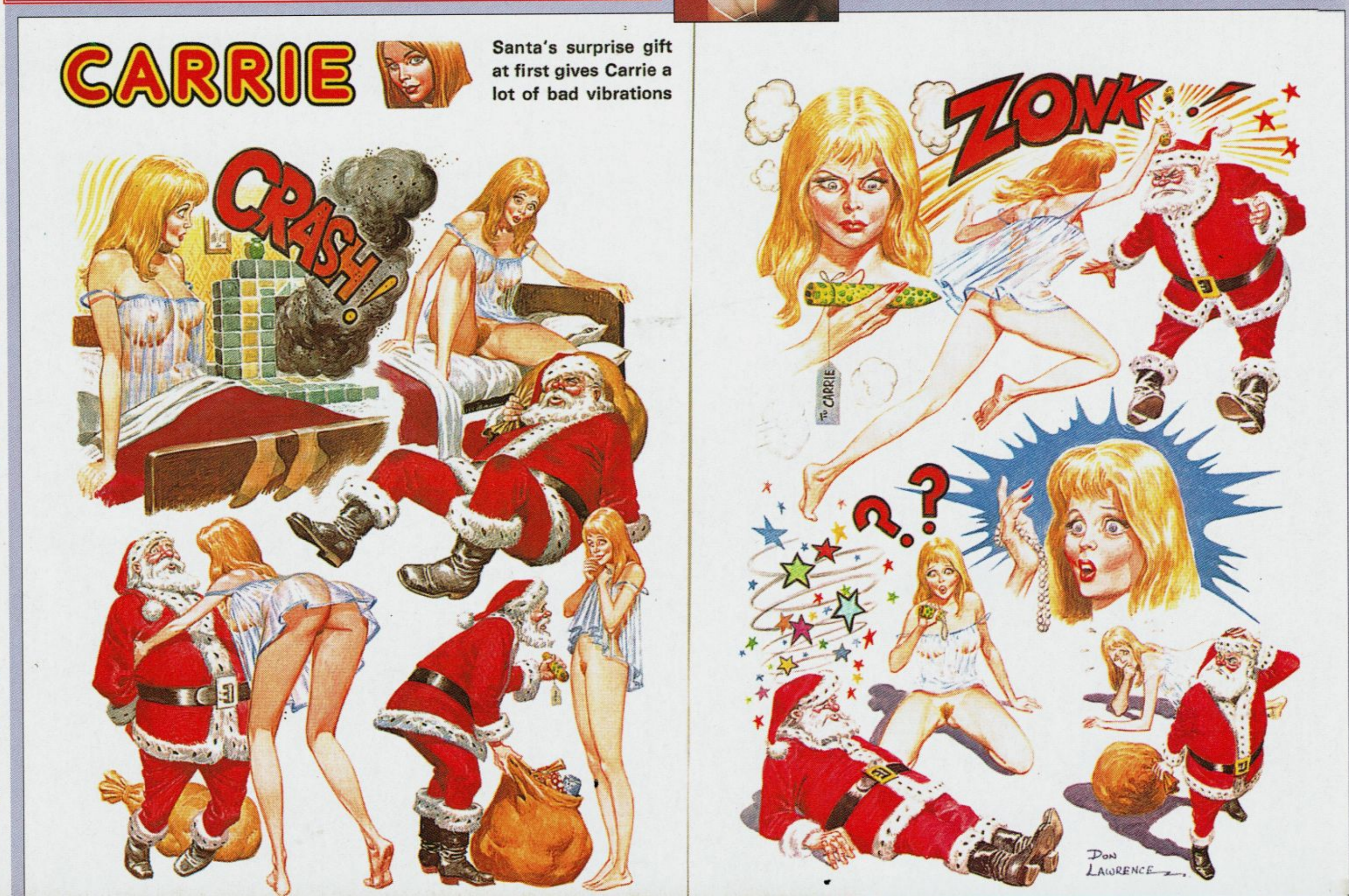
DECADES OF DECADENCE

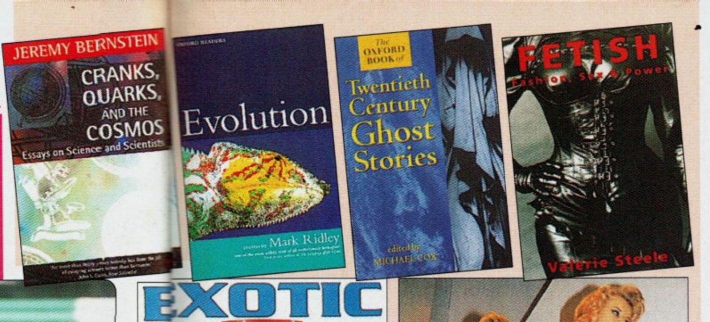
Take A Strip With Us Down Mammary Lane

Carrie cartoon 'strip' taken from *Mayfair* Volume 9 Number 12


MAYFAIR
GREAT 100th ISSUE
Our anniversary spectacular

Seeing as it's Christmas, we thought we'd venture into the *Mayfair* vaults to wheel out your favourite cartoon heroine – Carrie! By printing this, we know we're providing festive fun for all our readers. Hopefully, it'll also hide the fact that we can't write this month's *Decades Of Decadence* because in the old days they didn't make 13 issues a year like we do in the greedy 1990's…


CARRIE
Santa's surprise gift at first gives Carrie a lot of bad vibrations
CRASH!
ZONK!
To CARRIE
?
?
DON LAWRENCE


JEREMY BERNSTEIN
CRANKS, QUARKS, AND THE COSMOS
Essays on Science and Scientists
Evolution
Mark Ridley
The OXFORD BOOK of
Twentieth Century Ghost Stories
edited by MICHAEL COX
FETISH
Fashion, Sex & Power
Valerie Steele

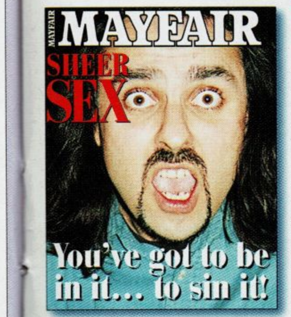
EXOTIC
BONDAGE CATALOG #1

Now this is how shoelaces *should* be tied!

OXFORD DOMS!

There's nothing like a good book, and bless our crows if we haven't got four fantastic titles sitting in our office right now. All four hail from the womb of Oxford University Press, and each are as different as eggs and hands. Firstly there's *20th Century Ghost Stories*, a shit-scary collection of chilling tales penned between 1910 and 1994 (hence the title, see?), and pretty rivetting they are too. *Cranks, Quarks And The Cosmos* is the work of science writer Jeremy Bernstein, a commentator on different scientists and cranks. Sounds like toss, huh? Well you're absolutely wrong! The same hearty recommendation is extended to Mark Ridley's *Evolution*, a genius piece of work all about the way us humans are. Finally, and best of all (and the only way the Editor could justify getting in the other books not remotely related to sex) is *Fetish*, which delves into the kinky areas of fashion, sex and power. A joy to behold, with lovely colour pictures of gorgeous fit women wearing tight clothes. Which is always good.

SO YOU WANT TO APPEAR IN MAYFAIR?


MAYFAIR
SHEER SEX
You've got to be in it… to sin it!

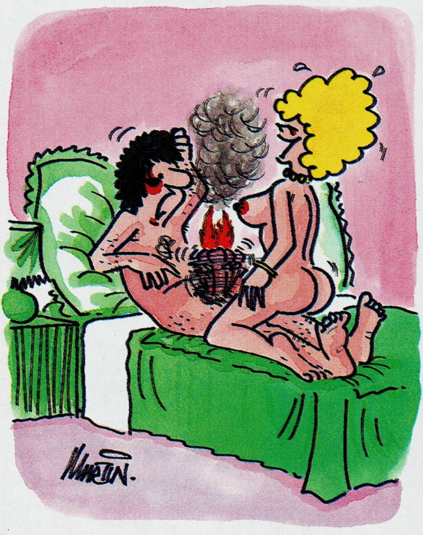
That's right, folks, we're giving you the unique opportunity to appear in *Mayfair*. We are! Honest! Okay, we're not really. Well sort of. Look, basically, if you send us your name and state you want to be in the mag we'll put you in our *Mayfair* 'Hall Of Fame'. What is the hall of fame? Well, it's just going to be a list of… readers names. The idea is you'll be able to brag to your mates that you (or your woman) have been in the mag – and you won't be lying. They could torture you, run lie detector tests on you, but when you say you've been in *Mayfair* you'll be telling the truth. So send us your name and we'll put you in. Go on, it might even be funny in an ironic, funny-because-it's-not-really-funny way. God, we're clutching at straws here, aren't we? Whose fucking idea was this anyway? [It was mine. So don't you be dissin' it down now, comprendé? Or I'll fire you –Ed].

continued from p31

OLDER, WISER, AND BETTER AT FUCKING

Having read many stories about older women running off with younger men, I thought I'd tell you about my experience. I had just turned 18 and my best mate Pete and I belonged to this youth club run by a married couple. One particular Friday night we called at their house as usual and after a few minutes Sue came to the door and told us that the meetings had finished for the summer break. We must have looked disappointed because she then said we could come in for a drink. Sue was a very attractive woman in her early thirties with black hair and a shapely figure. Pete and I liked her a lot.

We went into the kitchen where we spotted a bottle of vodka on the side, before realising – due to her red eyes – that Sue had been crying.



"My God, Brenda – slow down! SLOW DOWN!"

It seemed her husband had recently walked out with another woman, and she was none too happy about it. Kicking her shoes off and tucking her legs up under her on the chair she sat opposite us, dressed in a black skirt, black nylons and white shirt.

> “SHE INSERTED TWO FINGERS INTO HER DAMP PINK GASH”

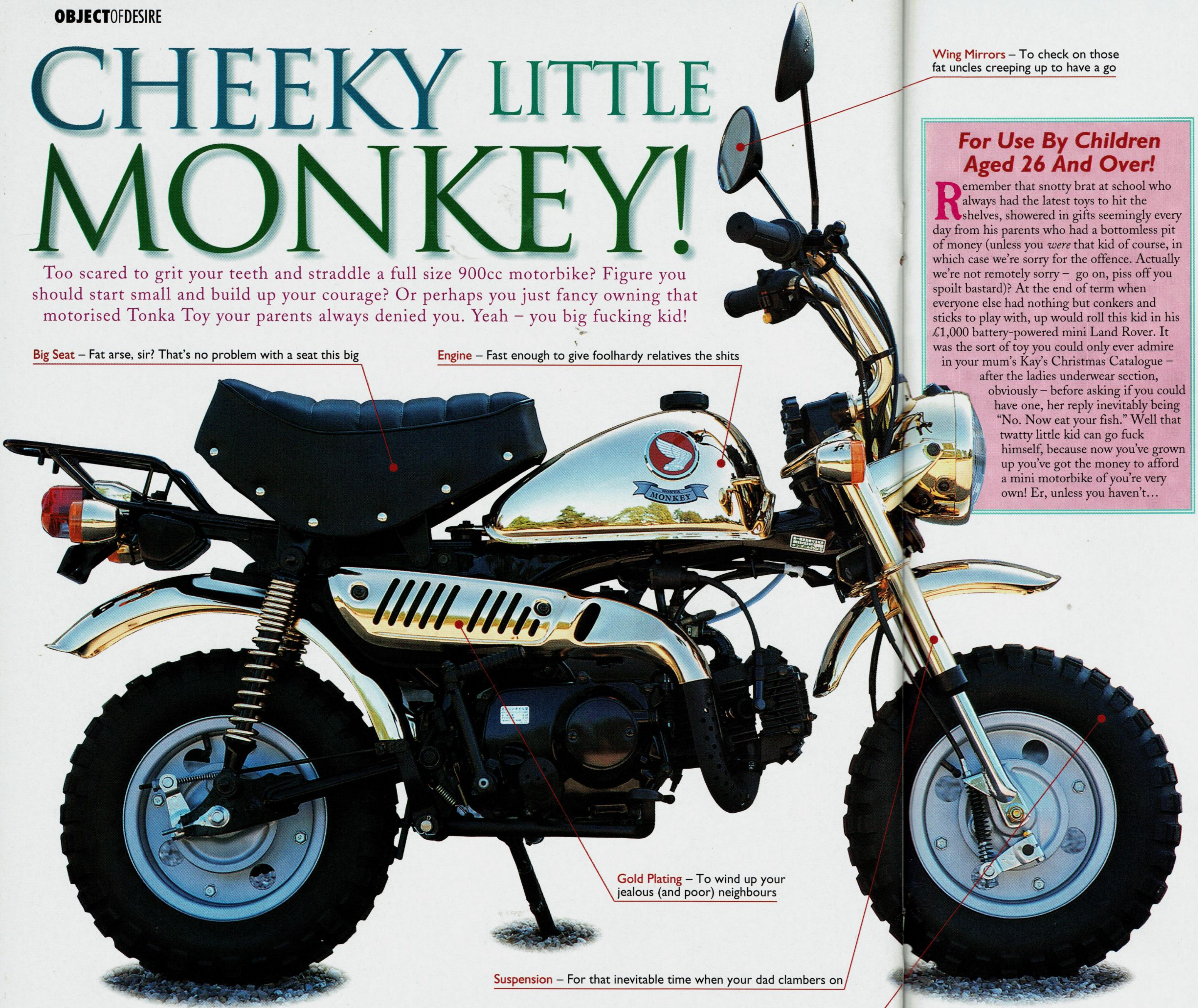
She was obviously very angry and said that she didn't “fucking care” that her husband had gone. She noticed the shock on our faces – she'd never sworn in front of us before – and laughed.

“You didn't think I used language like that, did you?” she said. “Well I do. I say words like ‘fuck’ and ‘cunt’.”

continued on p98

CHEEKY LITTLE MONKEY!

Too scared to grit your teeth and straddle a full size 900cc motorbike? Figure you should start small and build up your courage? Or perhaps you just fancy owning that motorised Tonka Toy your parents always denied you. Yeah – you big fucking kid!



Wing Mirrors – To check on those fat uncles creeping up to have a go

Big Seat – Fat arse, sir? That's no problem with a seat this big

Engine – Fast enough to give foolhardy relatives the shits

Gold Plating – To wind up your jealous (and poor) neighbours

Suspension – For that inevitable time when your dad clambers on

Wheels – Small tread. Well, it's not like you're going to enter an Enduro!

For Use By Children Aged 26 And Over!

Remember that snotty brat at school who always had the latest toys to hit the shelves, showered in gifts seemingly every day from his parents who had a bottomless pit of money (unless you *were* that kid of course, in which case we're sorry for the offence. Actually we're not remotely sorry – go on, piss off you spoilt bastard)? At the end of term when everyone else had nothing but conkers and sticks to play with, up would roll this kid in his £1,000 battery-powered mini Land Rover. It was the sort of toy you could only ever admire in your mum's Kay's Christmas Catalogue – after the ladies underwear section, obviously – before asking if you could have one, her reply inevitably being "No. Now eat your fish." Well that twatty little kid can go fuck himself, because now you've grown up you've got the money to afford a mini motorbike of you're very own! Er, unless you haven't…

For further information contact:
Dave Blackwell, Monkey Bike
UK, 75 Clarendon Street,
Leamington Spa, Warwickshire
CV32 4PW (Tel: 01926 425550).

PHOTOGRAPHER: LES SMITHERS

Monkey Magic

The problem being a kid was that whatever toy you had, some fat uncle would end up breaking it after insisting on having a go. Fortunately you can sit your revolting relatives on a monkey bike and the only damage incurred will be to them if they happen to fly off the 49cc mini-beast. These tiny terrors are making a big comeback and this Honda Goldwing is leading the pack – that's not a gold paint-job, you know, this little bugger's been gold plated! The brainchild of Midland's based Monkey Bike collector Dave Blackwell, this diddy devil may sound like a wasp in a tin (and will hardly see you burn up the motorway), but it's bound to provide many afternoons of grown-up laughs up and down the drive. Admittedly, you're not going to pull many lasses on something this size (pillion riding is out of the question for starters) but then, if you can afford to splash out dosh on something which is as ultimately pointless as a little bike, you no doubt only have to flash your wallet to get your cock blown anyway.

CARRY ON UP THE CARRINGTON!

J.R. Hartley was amusing to watch selling *Yellow Pages*, and J.R. Ewing was a good villain on *Dallas* but, to our knowledge, neither took huge cocks up their arses on a regular basis. But this lady does. So give it up for J.R. Carrington!

How did you get into the adult industry?

Leisure Time Entertainment called me to ask if I would be interested in doing an X-rated film. It sounded like loads of fun, so I took the plunge and loved every minute of it. I never realised I was an exhibitionist until my first movie.

What do you like most about making erotic movies?

I really enjoy being a free spirit – doing what I like best. I love having unbelievable sex every which way I want and I love being passionate, crazy, fun and wild! It's totally different to what I was doing previously. Before I got into porn I was a flight attendant for four years – I was conservative and lived a quiet life.

What's your secret fantasy?

Probably having a relaxing day at my house with male and female friends, where the next thing I know one or two of the girls come to me and start caressing, touching and feeling me all over. They would go down on me and dominate my whole body! Any fantasy would have to involve my fave position too – out of all of them it would have to be doggy style.

> “A WELL-SHAVEN PUSSY IS A MAJOR TURN-ON”

What's the best way to get you off?

Relaxing in the bathtub with the water jets on high, sticking a dildo inside of myself while the jets pulse on my clit!

Are you bisexual in your personal life?

Prior to doing films, I had no lesbian experience and only when I party do I get it on with another woman. With men, I like huge, hard cocks and a man that knows how to use it! With women, I like using sex toys on their pussies and being playful.

Do you have real orgasms in your sex scenes?

Yes, all the time! I get off best of all when a guy comes in my mouth – that's one of my biggest turn-ons. And if the guy has sexy fuck-me eyes and a dozen executive credit cards, that's even better!

Do you have a special lover?

Just sexual companions, and they are very open-minded.

Do you trim your pubic hair?

I shave it all off because I believe a well-shaven pussy is a major turn-on. It even turns me on, which is why I like to masturbate regularly. I don't think I could live without my vibrator. I love to masturbate, I really do; there's no hassle, it's all clean fun and it makes me cum every time!

> “I LIKE HUGE, HARD COCKS AND A MAN THAT KNOWS HOW TO USE IT”

What's the most fun you ever had naked?

Having wild, outrageous sex where I get to show off all my talents. I like to use my best technique as often as possible – going down on a man, and I'm only happy if I please my partners.

So what's the most spontaneous sex you've ever had?

In bumper to bumper traffic going to LAX [Los Angeles airport]. I started giving head and slowly but surely turned my body, giving a reverse cowgirl.

What do you like most about your body?

The best part of my body? That has to be my nice, tight, hard ass.

Do you prefer morning sex or evening sex?

Both! I'm available 24 hours-a-day!

Do you watch your own movies?

I get totally turned on when I watch myself get off on film. Being a voyeur is definitely best and always works for me. In fact the very first porno film I saw was my own – and it was absolutely fantastic!

Do you dance in clubs?

Yes, I dance all over the country. I love being a free spirit, meeting all my fans in person and turning on the guys… big time!

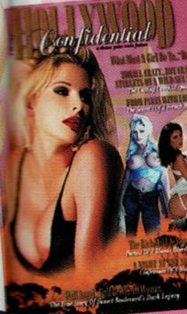
You've got a lot of fans. How can they get in touch with you?

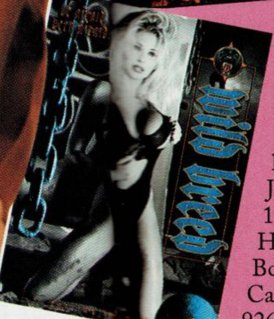
I have a superb fan club and I make sure I read and answer every letter myself. Please send a SASE to:

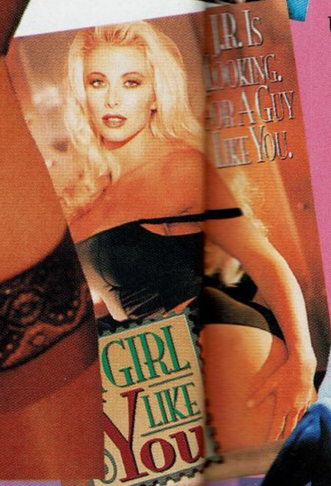
J.R. Carrington, 200 Main St., Suite 104, Box 377,
Huntington Bch.,
Calif. 92648,
USA.

ANAL MANIACS 2
HUMPIN' TO THE CLASSICS
WICKED PICTURES

WAX YOUR BOARD.
Surf babes



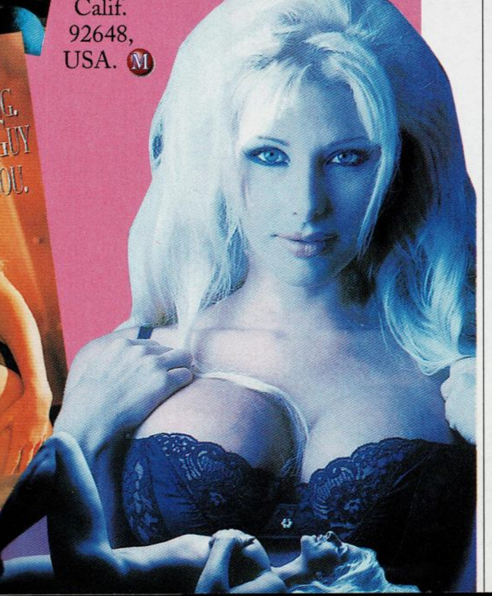




> “THE BEST PART OF MY BODY? MY NICE, TIGHT, HARD ASS”

Oi, stop that! We don't do that sort of thing here in British mags. Go on, hop it – before you get us in trouble…

Height:	5'6"
Weight:	116 pounds
Measurements:	34DD-24-34
Home town:	Newport Beach, California
Birthdate:	November 22
Fave food:	Fresh fruit
Fave colour:	Sky blue
Fave sex play:	One man and four women



QUEST

If your sex life is getting a bit dull, it's about time you tried something a little out of the ordinary. Doesn't have to be kinky or bizarre – just make sure it's a surprise!

Name:	*Katie*
Age:	*25*
Marital Status:	*Engaged*
Home Town:	*Oxford*

Is your sex life full of surprises?

Yes, in the sense that it's spontaneous and adventurous and we never really know quite what we're going to end up doing. I also sprang a big surprise on Mike, my fiancé recently.

Surprise, surprise – we're going to ask you to tell us about it! All the dirty details, please…

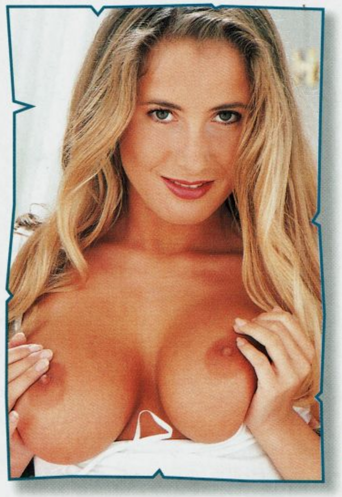
Mike had flown abroad with a load of mates to see a football match. Apparently, he had a few drinks and got a bit fresh with one of the air hostesses on the plane. When she was serving someone in the seat in front, he tried to cop a feel of her bum. Then he's supposed to have spent the rest of the trip going on about how horny she looked in her uniform. He's a real legs and arse man. I was going to have words with him about it, but then I had a better idea.

Please elaborate

I decided to teach him a lesson for leering at other women. I also wanted to give him a fuck-session to remember, just in case temptation struck again.

What did you do?

I hired a sexy air hostess uniform, which was so tight and short it looked like it was a couple of sizes too small – perfect! When Mike came in and saw me all dressed up, he went white, and then blushed beetroot. I just gave him my most dazzling grin and said, "Good evening, sir," in – well, you know the kind of voice, and added that as the flight would be departing in ten minutes I'd better show him to his seat. The seat was just a normal armchair but I'd rigged it up as best I could to look like a plane seat. I'd put another chair in front of it, with a pocket containing his in-flight magazine – a copy of *Mayfair*. I'd also found some webbing belts in an alternative clothes shop which had actual aeroplane seatbelt buckles. Mike sat down and I buckled him in, giving his balls a good fondle in the process.



Then I played a tape I'd recorded earlier: a dirty version of the safety drill – "my knickers will drop automatically", that kind of thing. I stood there miming to it – which mostly involved touching up my tits and fanny through my uniform and giving him the odd flash. Now we'd 'taken off', I served the drinks. Mike had scotch with ice, and then I pretended to be serving someone in front of him – just like it happened on the plane. I bent right over, feeling my skirt ride right up over my bum. So I knew that he'd be able to see my black knickers, stockings and suspenders. It seemed like I was bending over for ages before he did anything, but then, at last, I felt his hand on my bum. He gave it a pinch, and then he used the other hand too, stroking and kneading my cheeks, and shoving them together. My fanny was getting very wet – I felt my knicker gusset peeling away from it when Mike pulled them down – and I felt him inch his fingers towards it, spreading my cheeks apart. Just as I thought he'd touch it, he took his hands away again.

> I GOT A BIG SURPRISE AS HE TOUCHED AN ICE CUBE TO MY CLIT

And then?

Then I got a big surprise as he touched an ice cube to my clit. It was coated in neat Scotch, which stung a bit. He started rubbing it all over my slit, then shoved what was left of it right up my fanny. Then he did it all over again, taking another one up and down my crack, before pushing it into my arsehole. I was wriggling around like mad, but it was nothing compared with how much I squirmed when he poured the rest of his drink down my crack. I was calling him every name in the book, but I was loving it, too! I heard him unbuckle his safety belt and unzip his trousers. Then I felt the head of his prick rubbing up and down my slit. I was tempted just to stand there, and let him stick it to me from behind, but I had one last surprise for him.

Which was?

Safety restraints, for use in turbulent conditions – sex shop bondage straps to you and me! I turned around and shoved him back into his seat, then strapped his wrists and ankles to the arms and legs of the chair. I reached over and kissed him, took his cock in my hand, gave it a quick wank, then got up onto his lap. I strung it out for a while, pulling my tits out of my blouse so he could give them a suck. I could feel him straining against the straps, trying to get his cock inside me, but I kept my fanny just out of range. At last, I lowered myself down onto it, and as it went up my hole, we both moaned out loud – the ice and whisky had made my pussy cold and ultra-sensitive, and his cock felt like it was red hot. We were both desperate to come, so, with Mike's shaft plugging my fanny, I frigged my clit. It only took me a couple of minutes to come, and then I rode Mike as hard as I could. He came so powerfully it felt like an explosion inside me, and when I got up there was a huge gush of liquid out of me – spunk and juices and the melted ice – all over Mike's crotch.

> I FELT THE HEAD OF HIS PRICK RUBBING UP AND DOWN MY SLIT

So, was the surprise appreciated?

Very much! When I was capable of standing again, I did the "Buckle up, we're coming in to land" routine, but Mike didn't come down for at least an hour. He didn't even mind when he had to pay the costume hire and dry cleaning bills!

Name:	*Corinne*
Age:	*28*
Marital Status:	*Married*
Home Town:	*Birmingham*

Is your sex life full of surprises?

The biggest surprise is that I got married – I never saw that happening. Then again, I never expected to meet anyone like Billy, my husband. He's my perfect partner. Neither of us would put up with a dull sex life, and we're always trying to surprise each other.

What's the most outrageous surprise that either of you has sprung on the other?

On my birthday last year, Billy took me to London. After dinner we went up to our room, and I went into the bathroom to change into the new sexy lingerie he'd bought me. When I came back out there was a girl – gorgeous, with her long red hair worn up – sitting on the bed with Billy, sipping a glass of champagne. Billy chinked glasses with her, then they both held them out to me in a toast, and Billy said, "Happy birthday."

I twigged what was going on right away – we'd often fantasised about having a threesome with another woman. I also realised that the girl must be a prostitute, which made me feel even more wicked. All she had on under her cocktail dress was a pair of black hold-up stockings, with black velvet ribbon threaded through the tops. I remember thinking she looked like one of those Victorian whores you see in dramas.

> PUSSY SMELLS SO DIFFERENT TO COCK

How did you feel at this point?

I was thinking, "Bloody hell, this is it!" Billy just kept grinning at me over his champagne glass. Luckily the girl – she said her name was Sarah – was a lot more practical about it. She kept topping up my glass, saying all I needed was a bit of Dutch courage. As she was doing this, she moved in close. Her body was amazing – slim but curvy, with little perky tits that didn't need a bra. Her skin was lovely too, really pale and when I brushed against her it felt really soft.

I touched her again, and this time, she pulled me up against her. Kissing her felt a bit strange – she tasted of champagne and lipstick. She knew I was new to this, so she took the lead. She backed me over to the bed, and when I lay back on it she got on top of me, swirling her tongue around in my mouth as I fondled her bum cheeks. I looked up at Billy, who seemed quite happy to sit on a chair and wank off as he watched us.

What happened next?

Sarah moved down to suck on my nipples, and I felt my cunt juice up. Billy was staring at us, with a huge, horny smile on his face, and I decided I'd make the most of the time we had with her, and give him the best show I could. As Sarah started to lick her way down my body, I got her to swivel around into a sixty-nine so her cunt was over my face. It was shaved completely bald, her labia coated with juice – it gave me a thrill to know I could get a pro so turned-on. I was still a bit nervous – pussy smells so different to cock – but Sarah soon sorted me out.

She started licking my clit in circles and flicking her tongue from side to side, all the while moving her hips in the same motion. I shut my eyes, stuck out my tongue then grabbed her bum and pulled her cunt right down onto my mouth. Soon I was sucking and slurping down her juices, following the pace she was setting. We took things slowly, both aware that this was for Billy as much as us.

He came around to the head of the bed and I craned my neck back so he could give me a kiss. I heard him smack his lips as he tasted Sarah's cunt cream on my mouth, then he reached down to give her arsehole a teasing tickle. This made her wriggle about so much Billy suggested I try finger-fucking it while I sucked her clit. He knelt on the bed behind me, wanking his cock right above my face, just a couple of inches away from Sarah's crack.

As I fingered Sarah's arsehole, I felt two of her fingers dip into my cunt as she sucked my clit. After about a minute of this I felt like my nerves were going to overload. I was thrashing around too much to keep on sucking her, and so I just lay back, with my eyes wide open and fixed on Billy's cock. It was virtually touching her bum now, and looked dark red and shiny against her pale skin.

My inner muscles were starting to tingle, and as Sarah gave another strong suck on my clit, a powerful orgasm shuddered through my whole body. I shut my eyes tight, then opened them as I felt Billy playing the head of his prick over my lips. I opened my mouth and took it inside, giving it four or five sucks before I tasted the first burst of spunk. I let it slide from my mouth, and saw it spring out and splatter the rest of his come all over Sarah's arse. As this trickled down her crack, I started to lick up every drop, and then I carried on sucking her until she came, juicing into my mouth.

> HE NUZZLED MY EAR AND STARTED GIVING MY TITS A SNEAKY GROPE

What happened then?

Sarah's time was up – in fact she'd stayed half an hour longer than she originally intended. She had a quick shower and got dressed again. She actually gave us both a hug and a kiss before she left, leaving Billy and I to enjoy ourselves.

So, was the surprise appreciated?

It was the best present I've ever had, and all the better for being a surprise. In fact I'm toying with the idea of getting in touch with Sarah for Billy's birthday, and paying her for the whole night this time.

Name: Tanya
Age: 20
Marital Status: Single
Home Town: Bradford

Is your sex life full of surprises?

Definitely! My boyfriend Luke is always arranging little treats and surprises for me – and sex usually comes into the equation. The surprise I gave him recently was a lot more blatant, though.

What did you do?

It started when I bought us both tickets for a David Bowie concert – Bowie is Luke's hero. We'd also been listening to a couple of his albums the first night we slept together, so it was pretty special. We got to the venue early enough to get right down the front. Before we found ourselves a spot, though, I decided to go to the loo, just to be sure. That's when I got a naughty idea.

Which was?

To go knickerless under my skirt – a lycra micro-mini. I took my panties off and put them in my bag. Then I found Luke. I stood in front of him, with him looking over my shoulder and cuddling me from behind. I could feel he'd already got a massive hard-on, and as the show started the crowd pushed us even closer together. As we moved to the music, I ground my arse hard against his crotch. He nuzzled my ear and started giving my tits a sneaky grope from behind. The people next to me were probably too caught up in the music to see what he was doing, and if they weren't, we didn't care. I was wearing a crop top, and after a while Luke's hands were right up inside it. He was squeezing my tits tightly, and I had to bite my lip as he pinched my nipples. I was dying to tell him I wasn't wearing any panties, but then I decided to let him find out for himself.

> “IT WAS MORE A SLOW AND GRINDING FUCK THAN A FAST AND FURIOUS ONE”

And did he?

Eventually. We'd never gone so far in such a public place before, and I think he was feeling a little bit wary, like everyone would suddenly realise what we were doing. He let his hand stray down and into the waistband of my skirt. Whenever we have sex, even in total privacy, he usually takes things really slowly, and feels me up through my knickers before taking them off. I felt him groping around, like he couldn't quite work out what was different, and then his hand slid right down and around between my thighs to cup my naked crotch. He put his mouth right up to my ear and whispered, "You are such a dirty little bitch, aren't you?"

Then as he started licking my ear, I felt him crook his middle finger and wiggle it around in my pussy. His other hand was still up my top, and he started pulling on my nipple again. I reached back, undid his fly and pulled his prick out of it. I didn't really have to wank him, I just curled my hand around his throbbing shaft and let the crowd movement do it for me. Suddenly he grabbed it himself, making me let go, and I moaned as I felt him slide it in between my legs.

Then he got me to press my thighs as tight together as I could, so he could saw it in and out along my slit. He wasn't actually fucking me, but the head of his cock was skimming my clit and pussy with every stroke. I kept wiggling my hips around, hoping it would slip inside me, though what he was doing to my clit with his fingers had already got me halfway to coming.

Did you actually end up having sex?

Yes, though I had to threaten to scream "Fuck me!" in the next break between songs! I arched my back and tilted my bum right up, and somehow Luke managed to get inside me. It's a good thing I'm quite tall, or it would have been a real knee-trembler for him. It was more a slow and grinding fuck than a fast and furious one – I kept tightening and relaxing my pussy around his prick like I was trying to milk the spunk out of his balls – that often makes me come, too. We lasted ages, loads longer than I expected, and then I felt Luke start to thrust into me with little quick strokes.

I clenched my muscles hard, until they tensed of their own accord. Then I let go as they started rippling in orgasm. That got Luke coming too; as he shot, his cock-head slipped out, trailing a wet, sticky string of spunk halfway down the back of my thigh. I took my knickers out of my bag and wiped myself dry, then gave them to Luke as a souvenir.

> “I TOOK MY KNICKERS OUT OF MY BAG AND WIPED MYSELF DRY”

Beats the usual T-shirt and programme! Was the surprise appreciated?

Very much, though he keeps on saying he can't believe we did what we did!

Name: Sonia
Age: 35
Marital Status: Married
Home Town: Beckenham

Is your sex life full of surprises?

Not really – if you surprise someone too often, it stops being surprising, if you know what I mean! As I see it, it's quality not quantity. When I surprise my husband Brian it's when he least expects it. For that reason birthdays are out – I just do it because I like to turn him on and keep things between us interesting.

What's the most outrageous surprise you've ever sprung on him?

Something I did a few months back. We'd been reading some confessions in our porn collection, and had fantasised together a lot about Brian watching while I got shagged by another bloke. The novelty of that idea soon wore off, and I forgot all about it until I pulled on a girls' night out. Andy was just like one of the blokes we'd read about. Ten years younger than me – and fifteen younger than Brian – good looking, hunky and cocky with it.

I ended up snogging in a corner with him. A couple of friends were looking at me like I should be ashamed of myself – which just made me even more determined to fuck him.

That's exactly what I ended up doing, out in the car park, up against a wall with my knickers down around my ankles. When we'd finished, he kissed me on the mouth, bent down, pulled my knickers back up, said he'd see me the same time next week, then left me to it.

I spent the rest of the night sitting on a very damp and sticky seat, grinning like an idiot. I couldn't believe his cheek – and we both knew I'd be there the next week too.

And were you?

Yes – and the next week, and the next, and so on. Every week I'd go home, shower, and then jump on Brian's dick. He never suspected anything – he just thought I was being my usual horny self. I never quite got around to telling him about the fling I was having with Andy.

One night when we were reading confessions together, we found a really dirty one about wife-watching, which turned us both on. I kept picturing Brian wanking off as he watched me with Andy. I realised I had the perfect solution – I'd make it look like I'd pulled Andy to please Brian. When I told Andy my plan he was all for it – giving me a seeing to in front of my husband really appealed to his ego!

What was your plan?

When Brian came in from work one Friday night, he found the first of a load of Post-it notes. I'd set up a little treasure hunt, which ended up with him sitting in front of the TV watching a video I'd labelled 'PLAY ME'.

The first thing he'd have seen was me sitting on our bed, completely starkers saying I hoped he was sitting comfortably. Then I said I was going to play with my pussy for his entertainment. Brian loves to see me do that, and I laid it on really thick, sticking my biggest dildo in my hole then using a vibrator on my clit. Within ten minutes, I was having multiple orgasms. I knew how hard that would get Brian's dick.

Next Andy came into shot – he'd been operating the camcorder. "Hi Brian," he said, pumping up his big prick as he got on the bed and put his arm around me. "I've been shagging your wife these past couple of months, and she thought you might get off on watching me do it." Then he smiled at me and said, "Right then, darling, let's have you on your knees." I knelt up doggie style, and Andy got in behind me, giving a running commentary as he fingered my pussy.

"Shame he can't see close up how wet I'm getting you," he said, licking my juices off his fingers. "Reckon I'll get inside in one go." With that he slammed his prick right into me – the mic actually picked up the sound of his crotch slapping against my arse – and started shagging me really hard.

We played to the camera for as long as we could, then we got carried away. I love it when Andy plays rough – he never hurts me of course, he just leaves me feeling well shagged – and this time he left me with red marks on my hips where he'd dug his fingertips into my flesh. He fucked me until he brought me off, and then he stuck his face in my crack, making me squeal as he rasped his stubbled chin against me. Then he flipped me over and hammered into me missionary style, before pulling out again and losing his mess all over my tits.

"I think that you'll agree I've given your wife a good hard shafting," he said, looking right into the camera. "If you want to see me give her another one, you'd better come upstairs."

> “HE BROUGHT ME OFF THEN HE STUCK HIS FACE IN MY CRACK”

Did he?

Like a shot! As Brian walked in, Andy said hello, told Brian he was welcome to join in. Then he said to me, "You might want to suck his cock while I'm fucking you." Brian and I just went along with it, like it was the most normal thing in the world.

I got on all fours on the bed, and Andy got in behind me again. I let him set the pace – he wanted Brian to feel as well as see how hard he could fuck me. To be fair, though, when he saw that I wanted to concentrate on sucking and deep-throating Brian's dick, he slowed things down and let me get on with gobbing my husband.

Unsurprisingly, Brian came first. I let his come well up in my mouth, and then dribbled it down all over my chin and tits. Then I slammed my arse right back, giving Andy the signal to start fucking me hard. I didn't think I was going to come, but when Andy's spunk shot out deep in my cunt, the heat and power of it set me off.

We all flopped on the bed and, after a beer, Andy got dressed and left, shaking Brian's hand again and giving me a big sloppy kiss goodnight.

So, was the surprise appreciated?

Yes. Making a fantasy reality can sometimes be a bit risky, but it worked out great for us.

GO ON, YOU KNOW YOU WANT TO!

Every one of the respondents to our infamous Questionnaire has filled in a coupon identical to the one on the right. Each issue we decide which titillating topic to tackle, and then search our Quest Database for respondents whose 'Subjects' section relates to the sexual realm we have chosen to investigate. Then, a simple list of questions relating to the topic is mailed out, and we pay £20 for each completed questionnaire we receive back (whether we decide to use their responses or not). But please, if you're a bloke, don't fill it in. You wouldn't believe how many do!

Here Are A Few Topics We're Considering For Future Issues:

Race relations: British, Swedish, Chinese, German – who's the best at shagging?

Ultimate sex: what's the best fuck you've ever had and why?

Keep watching the flies: do you get a kick out of watching others go at it?

Send Me A Questionnaire – Private & Confidential

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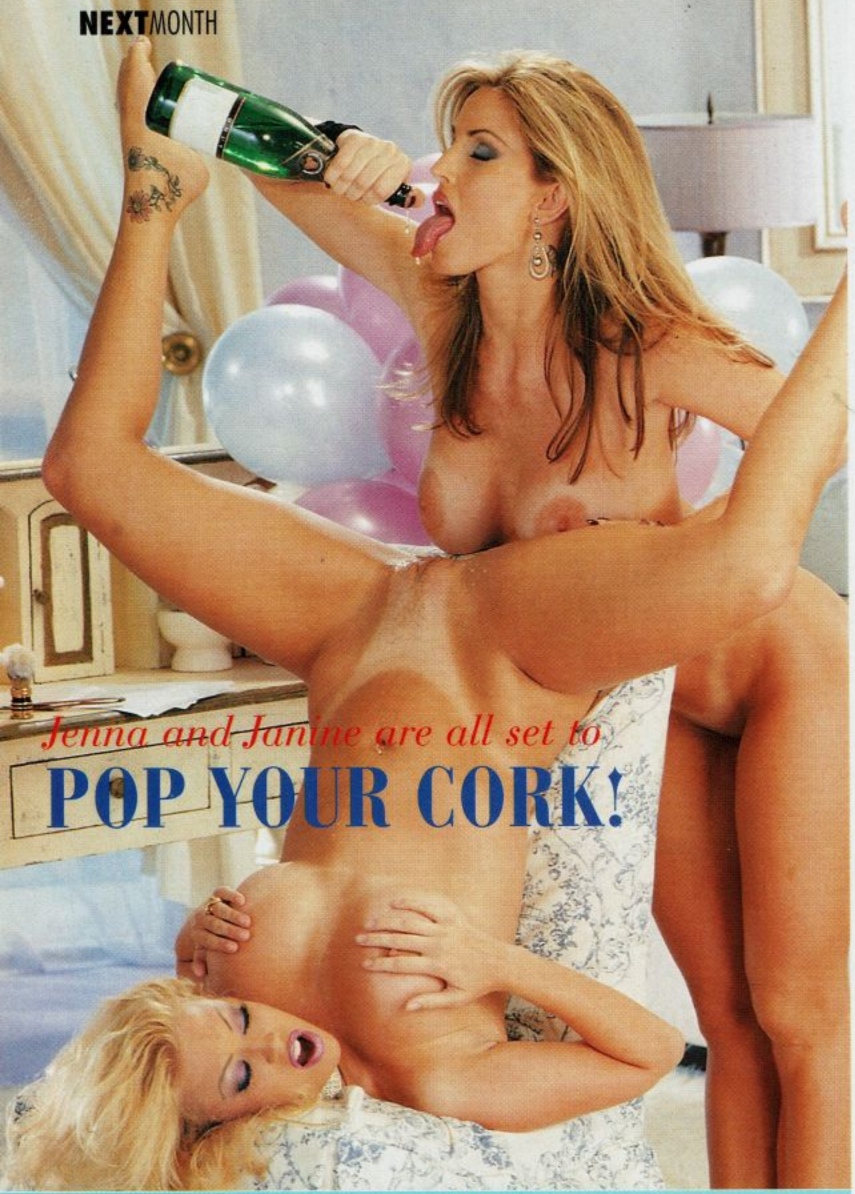

Jenna and Janine are all set to

POP YOUR CORK!

The rudest two-girl shoot we've ever featured will be raising more than eyebrows next issue – so join America's dirtiest duo as they get busy with the fizzy!

Join Jenna & Janine And The Other Mayfair Maidens…
Volume 33 Number 1 on sale January 8th

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MAYFAIR Male

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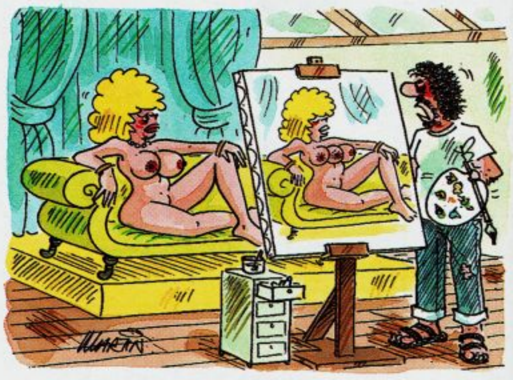
She swung her right leg onto the arm of the chair and we could see the top of her nylon stocking and the whiteness of her thigh above it. Sue saw we were looking at her leg and laughed again, asking if we'd like to see more. Pete and I were still shocked at the way Sue was acting and remained speechless. She thought it very funny and said that she assumed our silence meant yes, stretching her left leg out and edging her skirt up around her waist, revealing a pair of black knickers and white thighs. "Not bad for a woman of my age, eh? What do you think?" We agreed she looked really hot, and by this time I had a real hard-on. My heart was racing like mad.

She lifted her skirt higher before turning around and bending over, thrusting her arse out at us. Her teasing act amused her and as we watched intently she stripped off her skirt and threw it to the floor. Dancing in her knickers, suspender belt, nylons and shirt, she looked fantastically sexy as she took off her shirt and fiddled with her black lace bra. Her hands stroked her body, running over her breasts and down to her knickers where she pushed the gusset hard against her cunt. Her fingers traced the outline of her slit and she removed her bra to show us her tits. She had a small, pert pair, with neat, rigid nipples which she thrust in our faces.

Sue put her hand right down her knickers and began playing with herself, finally pulling her pants down so Pete and I could stare at her thick pubic mound. Spreading her legs wide, she bent her knees to give us a full view of her open slit, turning around again to give a rear display. Facing us again, she told us to watch closely as she pulled the lips of her slit open with the fingers of her left hand and inserted two fingers of her right hand into her damp, pink gash. I was breathing hard as she pushed her fingers deeper inside, wanking slowly, gently moaning as she went. Pete and I both stood up and took off all our clothes eager to join in with Sue and, seeing us so excited, she told us to take one of her tits each to suck. We swiftly obliged, and as we licked and sucked she opened her legs wide, instructing us to each stick two fingers up her cunt.

No sooner had we started frigging her than she lay on the floor, her pussy hot and moist as we furiously wanked away.

Urging us to go faster and talking really dirty, we stopped sucking her tits and concentrated totally on Sue's fanny, staring at her wet pink gash as our fingers made a slurping sound inside. She grabbed my head and forced it between her legs, ordering me to put my tongue in, and as I did I could smell and taste her juices while her hairs tickled my face. I pushed my rigid tongue in and out of her cunt until Pete dragged me away so he could have a go. Sue came really loudly, and as she slumped on the floor Pete climbed on top with his hard prick. Sue told him she was going to guide his dick into her cunt and that he was going to fuck her and make it last as long as possible. They were soon going at it, but Pete was shagging so hard he shot his load within seconds.



"For Pete's sake, woman – stop fidgeting!"

Clambering off, Sue told me it was my turn but that I was to put my penis inside her in a different position. She got onto her knees to receive me doggy style, her arse stuck in the air. At first, I thought she wanted it up her anus so I pressed into her brown hole but she told me to lower it into her slit. She frantically worked herself on my cock, making me so excited that I came, shooting gallons of spunk into her as she also orgasmed.

> SHE GRABBED MY **HEAD** AND FORCED IT **BETWEEN** HER **LEGS**

Afterwards she said it was the most fantastic sex she had ever had and for weeks afterwards she gave us private sex lessons. Both Pete and I agree that Sue taught us one sure thing – there's nothing quite like an older woman.

A. Stephens, Bristol

There sure ain't, mate, and an added bonus with older women is that they know about things other than sweets and cartoons. Sorted!